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What is the relation between marriage and success, large families and fame?

There's a scientific, authoritative analysis of the biographies listed in "Who's Who" in next week's issue of The Outlook which punctures many popular beliefs concerning the marriages and children of America's leaders. It is a proved denial of the time-honored maxim that "He travels fastest who travels alone."

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The Outlook

Volume 146 August 17, 1927 Number 16

The "Jennies" Take Another Victim

LIEUTENANT C. A. PEARSON, who was killed when his plane crashed here yesterday, was piloting a 'jenny' ship of the type recently condemned by the Army as obsolete, officers investigating the accident said to-day in reporting engine trouble as the apparent cause." So reads an Associated Press despatch of August 1 from Wichita, Kansas. "Lieutenant O. W. Luthey, navigator, who was injured, was said to have a chance of recovery."

The fall was from a height estimated at 500 feet, just after the take-off. These "jenny" planes are of the type in which Captain Curtis Wheeler and Lieutenant Carl Sack, of the New York National Guard, lost their lives on July 1 in maneuvers at Pine Camp.

An Army order, issued in April, called for the scrapping of these wooden planes by September 1. Yet it is denied that the order necessarily means that they are unsafe.

The Outlook, in commenting on the Pine Camp tragedy, urged immediate retirement of these planes before they should take more lives. One way to scrap them, of course, is to keep on flying them until they all crash and kill or maim the men in them.

Aid to Aviation Abroad

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS" is the title by which the associated British commercial aviation services are known. Interesting figures in a recent number of the European "Economic and Political Survey," published by the American Library in Paris, show the extent of Government aid contributed to their support and development. In 1924–5 the total of subsidies was nearly £140,000—roughly, $700,000. In 1925–6 it was nearly £150,000, or $750,000. For 1926–7 the estmate runs to over £180,000, or $900,000.

In France General Boucabeil, President of the French Committee for Aeronautic Propaganda, has issued a public protest against the governmental tendency to give attention to perfection of military planes and to fail to support the building of commercial planes. He points to the record of German aviation as evidence that across the border this error is avoided. Perforce, under the peace treaties, the Germans have had to abandon military building and concentrate on commercial craft. The result is that they hold all records of altitude and flight with useful loads—as distinct from records for speed or distance or extreme altitude. And lately we have had news that two big German steamship companies, the North German Lloyd and the Hapag, have undertaken plans for regular passenger, mail, and freight service between Germany and the United States. The Reichstag, it is understood, will be asked for a parliamentary appropriation.

These considerations give Americans cause for serious thought. It is unlikely that the progress of aviation in the United States will take the direction of public subsidies. But it is important that an adequate share of our abundant private capital be devoted to airway enterprises. We have been proud of the feats of our aviators. Now we must take care not to leave it all to Lindbergh.

Trouble in the Air

Two American magazines contain in their current issues articles that should be read for comparison. Both are about the famous voyage of the Norge to the North Pole and on to Alaska. General Nobile contributes to the "National Geographic Magazine;" Roald Amundsen, to the "World's Work."

The readers of the Nobile article will find a vivid and beautifully illustrated account of the great air-ship's journey; but one thing they will not find—and that is any mention of the fact that a man named Amundsen was aboard. True, the author does mention the Amundsen-Ellsworth expedition of 1925, which failed; true, he does admit that Captain Amundsen "asked to meet me;" but otherwise the name does not occur. Possibly he means Amundsen when he says "we carried on the front of our commander's cabin the 'fascio littorio' symbol of the old eternal Rome and of the new Italy," but one doubts it very much.

Why this omission? We turn to the "World's Work," and find that Captain Amundsen's article is called "The Rows Aboard the Norge," with the sub-title "The Explorer Complains that Nobile Nearly Wrecked the Airship over the Arctic, but Tried to Seize the Honors." That it is plain-spoken may be seen by one quotation: "How preposterous is the claim now brazenly sought to be established by the Italians, that Colonel Nobile conceived and engineered the Norge expedition, or that he had any other useful function in it than that of pilot of the airship."

Readers will regret the dispute that has been in the air so long and has now burst into flame in the magazines. To put two masterful, ambitious, patriotic men, with different standards and temperaments, into one expedition was a hazardous experiment. Nobile will doubtless reply to Amundsen, and we may have to summon a special jury of geographers, airmen, and explorers to settle the dispute.

The expedition was headed by Amundsen (Norwegian) and Ellsworth (American). The airship was bought by them from Italy. Nobile was engaged as pilot and captain or skipper; the command was with Amundsen and Ellsworth; the expenses were paid from money contributed by Mr. Ellsworth, the Italian Government (Nobile states that Italy paid a third), the Aero Club of Norway, and from the sales of "rights."

It is perfectly natural that Italy should have felt a special interest in the Norge and in Nobile, but that the expedition was an Italian undertaking does not appear. If Amundsen's tale is accurate, the real heads of the expedition were subject constantly to petty maneuvers on the part of Nobile to magnify his authority.

If our readers want to see an amusing instance of two ways of looking at the same thing, let them compare the two accounts of the throwing out of the national flags at the North Pole. A comparison of these accounts with the photograph of the flags on the ice makes one feel that both Nobile and Amundsen were rather flamboyant in their account of the Italian bunting—the first naturally so, the other in humorous exaggeration.

Byrd and Lindbergh could, we verily believe, get along beautifully in one

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plane; but it wouldn't do to push the mating of air heroes much further.

What Is Chemistry to Us?

A DIRECT offspring of the well-known Williamstown political conference was the Institute of Chemistry of the American Chemical Society, held all through July at Pennsylvania State College.

It has become increasingly patent that there is more than an indirect connection between chemistry and world affairs. Oil, coal and its innumerable chemical by-products, chemical fertilizers, which to an ever-increasing extent are involved in the basic industry of agriculture, and chemical products much too numerous to mention—all these are now serious bidders in the world for international political attention. And so much attention has already been devoted at the Williamstown conference to a consideration of these important factors of modern life that it was deemed feasible to hold a separate conference at which the chemists themselves might be in the majority. The Institute of Chemistry became a success during its first week and a marked success within its allotted month.

In the world of science the chemists predominate in numbers over any other branch except medicine. It is quite common for five thousand chemists to attend the annual meetings of the American Chemical Society. This shows how important chemistry has become. It is a small manufacturing industry indeed these days which does not employ its corps of chemists, or else it is a backward one.

All these people are scattered far and wide. They seldom see one another. As the interchange of ideas is one of the chief means of scientific advance, the effect of this dispersion of chemical experts is felt in hindrance to world progress in those industries which depend, as most industries do, on chemistry. A conference among chemists is therefore of very specific value.

The World Will Benefit

IT is one thing to hold a large conference with a rigid formal program, and another to hold a gathering such as that of the Institute just mentioned. When several hundred scientists are brought together for a month at mealtime, at golf, in swimming, and on the veranda, the ice of formality is melted and innumerable scientific and industrial ideas are set free to go far and wide afterwards. That, in short, was the underlying purpose of the Institute of Chemistry, and not the reading of prepared papers, although a few were read each day.

Attending the conference were many noted European scientists. They come here for the same reason—to give and to take.

One of the things these men noted was the unaccustomed freedom with which American scientists put ideas and discoveries at the disposal of all. In the Old World, especially in the industries, it has long been the tradition that an industry employs a corps of scientific researchers for the financial returns it will bring in, and that those discoveries, which are the employer's property, must be kept secret. In America to a much greater extent industries pool the findings of their respective research staffs. A gives to B and C, but C is also giving to B and A; and so on. In the last analysis, this free courtesy pays, and it pays financially. Each industry profits most through being free to dip into the common store of discovered fact, and the industry as a whole as well as the entire body politic profits in turn. There is wealth enough for all.

As this is read scientists have returned home from the Institute with a wider horizon than they knew before. From this to the benefit that will thereby accrue to the world is a long and not very directly traceable course, yet the effect will finally fall to each of us.

Trifling with Typhoid

"THE most extensive epidemic of the twentieth century and one of the worst ever recorded anywhere," is the laconic editorial characterization applied by the "Journal of the American Medical Association" to the recent Montreal epidemic of typhoid fever, in which there were 4,755 cases and 453 deaths up to June 28. "Keep away from Montreal," is the advice of sanitary authorities in the United States, while the journal mentioned above states that "Montreal and its vicinity constitute for the present a dangerous locality."

For some reason very little publicity has been given to the great Montreal epidemic, while one American engineering journal states that some of our northern neighbor's civic authorities attempted to conceal it from the rest of Canada and her southern neighbor. Montreal and her environs are a long way from New York City, yet very large quantities of milk are shipped southwards. This milk supply was early cut off by United States health authorities.

An epidemic in Canada might be construed, on technical grounds at least, as none of our business. But the typhoid bacillus knows no political boundaries, and, while we cannot exert any dire political influence over Montreal, we ca shut off the purchase of milk from th neighborhood; and we can by avoidir Montreal to some extent help direct the individual officials who were respor sible for the delay in striking the ep demic the full onus of blame. The san treatment might well be dealt out to an of our own cities which behaved as Mor treal has behaved in these circumstance

A Lesson to Other Communities

WITHOUT a shadow of *de jure* au thority the United States Publ Health Service has just made a caref survey of the Montreal situation, a d tailed report of this survey having bee made available. The epidemic wa traced to a single dairy company an according to the official statement, "th preponderance of evidence is that a ver considerable proportion of the infecte milk was passed through and distribute from the plant without being subjecte to pasteurization treatment." The "En gineering News-Record" accuses th Montreal city Council of hindranc rather than support of the local healt officer, who did his best to control th epidemic. The Council is said to hav belittled the epidemic, and even denie its existence, and attempted to hush u all reports that might keep tourists awa from Montreal. Because of inaction th epidemic, which had once died down t a relatively low point, again awoke an became as virulent as ever.

The chances are that the people c Montreal will know how to take care c the responsiiblity involved in the bur gling of the epidemic. That, at any rat is their business, not ours. In the mear time we need not be too smug on thi side of the boundary-line, for there is n assurance that an epidemic of a simila nature will not be somewhat bungled i some of our own communities. Amer can city governments will at least d well to ponder the financial losses tha are now being suffered by Montrea through her city Council's short-sighte policy of closing its eyes and then saying "We see no epidemic."

Paths of Empire in Canada

FOR once the Prince of Wales has suc ceeded—much to his own satisfac tion apparently—in taking second plac in the newspapers and giving first plac to another man. On his visit to Canad his companion is Stanley Baldwin, th Prime Minister. At first the Prince hac to discourage newspaper interviewer and photographers and direct attentio to Mr. Baldwin. But since the Prim

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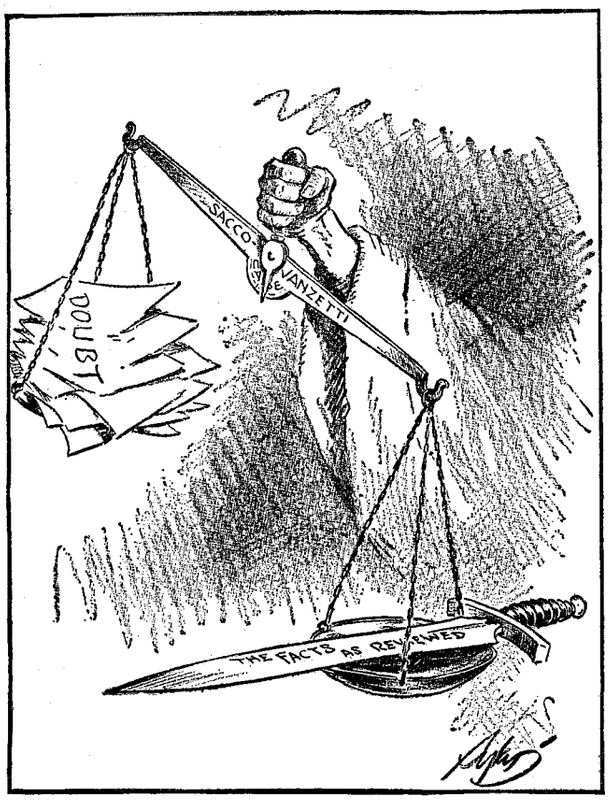
There must be conclusions

(Henry V, Act II, Scene 1)

Sykes in the New York Evening Post



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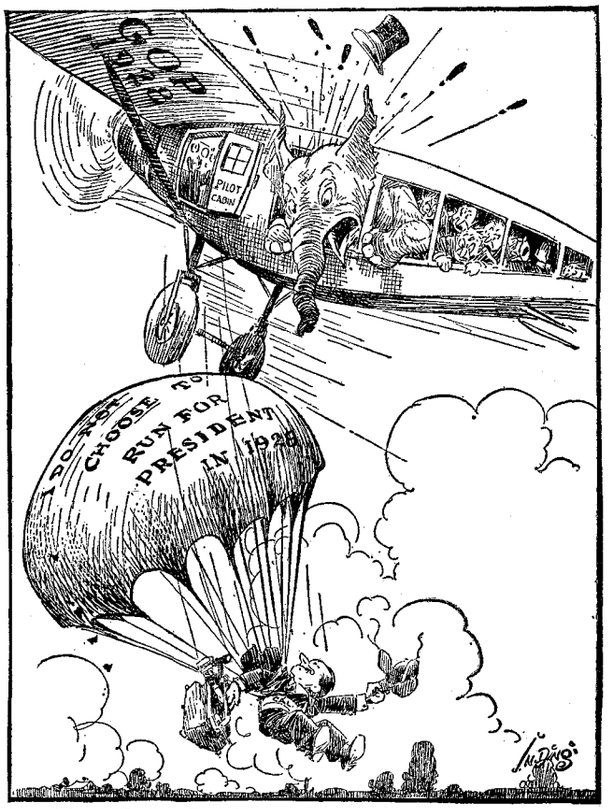
Darling in the New York Herald Tribune



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Out of a clear sky

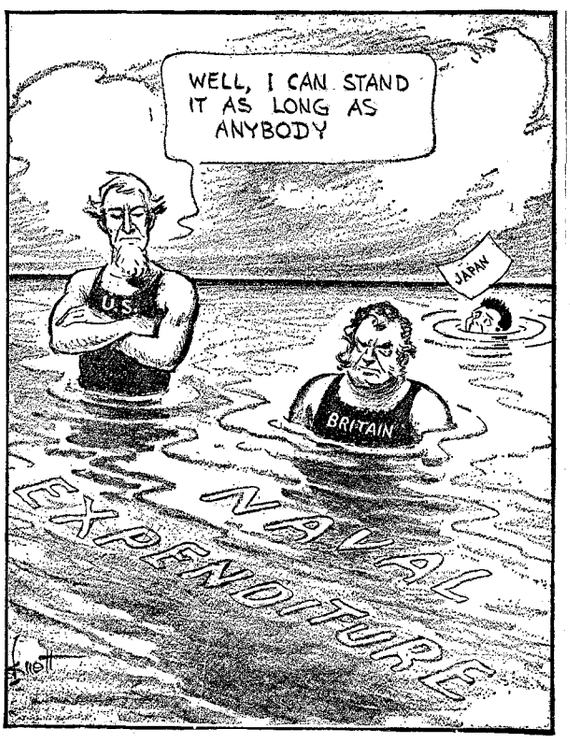
From J. A. MacArt, East Orange, N. J.

Enright in the New York World

With all due respect

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Knott in the Dallas News



The rising tide

From M. M. Kornfeld, Dallas, Texas

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Minister began his series of public addresses attention has centered on him.

The visit of the Prince and the Prime Minister is evidently part of a definite new campaign of "selling the Empire" to the Dominions. Mr. Baldwin has spoken as a business man to business men. He has made a strong claim for the essential soundness and strength of Great Britain and backed it with forceful argument. He has coupled with it, not only a plea for the good will and loyalty of the Dominions—which, after all, no one doubts—but also an open bid for their preference in trade. He has emphasized the liberty of action which the Dominions enjoy under the reformed Imperial system. He has explained the scheme of an Empire Marketing Board, and has contended that it is to the interest of the Dominions as well as the mother country for them all to work together in an economic plan. As he says, he is trying to develop the "consciousness of Empire."

This is all matter for the intelligent attention of the people of the United States—especially at a time when the Naval Limitation Conference at Geneva has broken down over differences with Great Britain. There is no threat in the British plan, but it is important for us to understand what our most powerful neighbor in the world is doing.

"A smaller League of Nations," Professor Herbert Heaton, of Queens University, Canada, speaking at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, has called the reorganized Empire. That characterizes very well the League with which the United States is likely to have most to do in the near future.

A Fighter for a Free Ireland Dies

JOHN DILLON, long an antagonist of English landlordism in Ireland and an advocate of Irish self-rule, died on August 4 in London, after an operation, at the age of seventy-six. A disciple of the late John Redmond, he entered the British Parliament as a member from Tipperary at the age of twenty-nine, and from that time was a prominent and picturesque figure in the Irish controversy.

He was arrested and put in jail in 1881 for advocating a boycott against the landlords, and a month after his release was arrested again for proposing that Irish tenants pay their rents into the treasury of the National Land League. Two years later bad health forced him to seek recovery on a ranch in the Western United States, but in 1885 he was back in Parliament again as a member from East Mayo. He was famous for his support of the candidacy of the exiled Irish revolutionary, John Mitchel, grandfather of John Purroy Mitchel, the former Mayor of New York City.

In 1918 Dillon was made head of the Irish Nationalist Party, whose policies he had long shaped. He was an opponent of Sinn Fein and the Irish republi-

Keystone

Mustapha Kemal Pasha

can extremists—and his death found the Irish Free State he had hoped to see established passing an emergency Public Safety Bill, giving the Government practically the authority of martial law to protect itself against extremist violence of the sort that lately led to the murder of Kevin O'Higgins.

Talking Turkey

"PEACE and hard work for five years at least" is the slogan of the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, Rushdi Bey. An admirable program, but, one might ask, why only five years? Rushdi Bey, according to cabled reports of an interview at Constantinople in which he outlined his ideas, thinks it may take even ten years to reorganize his country properly. The Turkish peasants might endure peace with their neighbors longer than that—and so might the rest of the world.

A small army "for defense"—as all proper armies are—popular education, abolition of hampering religious traditions, are some of the chief needs indicated by Rushdi Bey. Later on men may be allowed to wear fezes again, exercising freedom to choose their own headgear, but just now fezes represent a bad "psychological" attitude which must be eradicated.

Meanwhile Mustapha Kemal, the dictator, has received by vote of the People's Republican Party the power to appoint his own Parliament. Thus he becomes the most autocratic head of any modern "democratic republic." Why a Parliament at all is not clear—except for the patronage in appointments. But how Mussolini and Tammany would like it!

Honors to Captain Cook

IT was nearly a hundred and fifty years ago that Captain James Cook, the famous English navigator and explorer, was slain on the shore of the island of Hawaii. The natives had been ill treated by Captain Cook's sailors, and the Captain himself was bold to excess. It is now proposed by the Territory of Hawaii to set in place a tablet just barely below the surface of the still waters of Kealakekua Bay at the exact point where he fell face down. The date of Captain Cook's death was February 14, 1779, but the ceremonies of the tablet will be held on August 18, 1928, the anniversary of Cook's discovery of the Sandwich (or Hawaiian) Islands; Cook's greatest discovery, that of Australia, already has monuments in its honor.

One singular fact about the ground near the place where the tablet will lie is that it is owned by Great Britain—the only instance, probably, of British territory *inside* United States territory. Because a Cook monument was there at the time, this land was given to Great Britain in 1876 by Princess Likelike, sister of the late King Kalakaua and of Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii.

It would be an error to honor Cook chiefly because of his Hawaiian achievements. Any biography or cyclopædia will show that he roamed far and wide—to Australia, the Antarctic Continent, all over the North and South Pacific; in one three years' cruise he sailed 20,000 leagues. That he was intelligent as well as brave is shown by the fact that, whereas he lost nearly half his crew by sickness on his first voyage around the world, he took lessons in hygiene and sanitation and on his second voyage lost but one man out of 118.

A Petty Imposition

NOT by a court decision, but by a ruling of the Internal Revenue Bureau based on a lawyer's opinion, it has been decided that authors' royalties are not earned income. This is a petty twist of red tape making a picayune distinction 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

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The Tax Law allows a deduction on the tax on "earned" income; but, as Mr. Ogden, counsel of the Authors' League, points out, no author, even if he makes $100,000 by his pen in one year, could benefit by the deduction on over $20,000, and the possible difference involved between the tax paid on earned or unearned income could not exceed $150. Very, very few would lose anything like this!

But the smaller the injury, the more irritating the unfairness. There is really no essential difference between a writer who receives a salary and one who sells his work without a previous contract. It is quite unjust, for instance, to tax an author on the complete price he gets in one year from a work he has toiled upon for three years before he sells it. The man of genius who ought to be especially encouraged is more than likely to be the "free-lance" or the author who never thinks of selling his book until it is written.

The ruling seems to be based on the same idea as that of a wage-earner who remarked about a writer whose books were the product of unremitting toil: "I don't suppose he ever did a day's work in his life."

The distinction in the ruling is unreasonable and comes from a meticulous study of legalistic definitions of words rather than from essential justice.

How France Will Receive the Legionnaires

With all that has been said to and by members of the American Legion concerning what the Legionnaires will do while in France, little or nothing has been said about what the French as official hosts will do.

France is getting ready to welcome the "Yanks," and to this end the opening day of the session, September 19, has been declared a legal holiday. The Retail Merchants Association of the Avenue de l'Opéra voted to decorate the famous street in regulation Bastille Day fashion, and since this example will be followed on other thoroughfares, and since the city has also voted the very rare all-night street-dancing privilege, the ex-doughboys will enter the town in a blaze of color and noise which will make them forget for at least a half-day that the commanders have begged them to be dignified.

Much overtaxed as the Treasury has been this spring through the entertainment of the flock of American overseas fliers, a credit of 3,757,243 francs has been voted by the Parliament for the entertainment of the visitors during their week in the French capital. On the opening night of the Convention the President of France will be host to 600 pilgrims, and Mr. Sedley Peck, of the Paris Legion Headquarters, has said that every one of the men will sit down to dinner that night as the guest of some French organization. Twenty thousand guests to be dined in one city is quite an undertaking.

President Doumergue himself will open the Convention on Monday morning, September 19, his welcome being that of the Government. Marshal Foch with General Pershing will stand beside National Commander Howard P. Savage in reviewing the parade on the same day, while General Gouraud, the valiant mutilated soldier who commanded the Second, Thirty-sixth, and Forty-second Divisions during some of the severest fighting of the World War, and who is now Military Governor of Paris, will act as Grand Marshal of the parade, by the side of Past National Commander John R. McQuigg, *ex officio* parade marshal.

Stamp collectors, serious and amateur, who bought out the Lindbergh stamps faster than they could be printed, will welcome the news that France will issue two special stamps, during the month of September only, to commemorate the Convention. A foreign post-card stamp of ninety centimes, bearing the figure of Washington, will be issued in red, while a foreign letter stamp of one franc fifty will be printed in blue, bearing the figure of Lafayette.

In an effort to reduce expenses as much as possible for these men who are so anxious to again visit the land where and for which they fought, the French railroads, which are for the most part Government properties, have granted a reduction of fifty per cent on all railroad tickets to those persons carrying American Legion identification certificates. The ports of France which will be used by the debarking Legionnaires have waived the usual head tax, as the United States Government itself waived the steamship tax.

Another great item of saving, and a courtesy on the part of France and several other European countries, is the fact that the identification certificate issued by the American Legion to the conventionnaires has been internationally accepted in lieu of passport and visa for the period of the Convention tour, replacing the usual $10 visa fee.

In addition to the governmental welcomes and receptions, many veterans' organizations all over France as well as a large number of municipalities have requested the Legion officials for dates on the Convention calendar when they might receive delegations from the Legion and express their appreciation of the visit of these veterans and of the participation of their comrades during the World War.

"There is only one conclusion to draw," says Mr. Peck, "and that is that the members of the American Legion pilgrimage party will be received in France with the same enthusiasm as that which greeted the first American troops in France ten years ago."

Coolidge's Renunciation

What It Means

Whoever knows New England knows what President Coolidge meant when he said at the "Summer White House" in the Black Hills on August 2, "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." If a New Englander does not choose to do something, he will not do it. "Are you going to the dance this evening?" a young man in a New England village is asked. If he replies "I don't choose to go," wild horses cannot drag him. Nowhere in the world has the will received such exercise as in the New England States. Conduct there is a matter of choice. President Coolidge meant precisely what he said and said precisely what he meant.

And he meant no more. At least he meant to convey no more. He did not say, and he did not mean to say, that he will never choose to be a candidate again. Whether or not he has taken note of what resulted from the ambiguous language used by President Roosevelt when he declined in advance a renomination, he has at least avoided the use of language that is ambiguous. He may foresee a period of business depression. He may believe that a President of the type of Herbert Hoover might be able to offset or avert it. The Coolidge Administration has been a period of prosperity. Remembering that, the people might want Calvin Coolidge back in 1932. In that case, he might choose to run again. If so, nothing that he has said will stand in the way.

We agree with what Mr. Pinchot says on another page. We accept Mr. Coolidge's words at their face value. Mr. Coolidge is not going to be a candidate in 1928. The sooner that politicians rid themselves of the idea that he is, the better for the country.

Why?

No reason for his choice has been stated by the President.

President Coolidge says nothing and

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implies nothing about the third-term tradition. Those who believe in the validity of the tradition and also in Mr. Coolidge naturally believe that he was following the precedent set by Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Roosevelt. There were many indications that the tradition against the Presidential third consecutive term would not have prevented either the nomination or re-election of Mr. Coolidge. If caution dictated the President's decision, it was out of regard for the third-term tradition as only one of the factors in the situation.

The factor of greatest weight is undoubtedly the political state of mind in the West. Popular as Mr. Coolidge has been, he has by his courage alienated many voters who would have supported him if he had been more complaisant. Our Washington correspondent, now in the West, informs us that, from his observations, the opposition of the farmers to President Coolidge has not abated in the least. So far has this opposition gone that our Washington correspondent believes that Governor Smith, of New York, could carry Tennessee against President Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge is undoubtedly the shrewdest politician in his party. Has he perceived the situation more clearly than his political friends have seen it? Has he come to the conclusion that anti-third-term sentiment, groundless though it might be, might furnish an excuse for organization leaders in his party to favor other candidates without being disloyal to him? Nobody knows. Whatever may be said about this is pure speculation.

There is one other reason which might account for his action. The Presidency is an exhausting office. There is but one former President now living. It is certainly possible that President Coolidge considers the burdens of four years more of service in the Presidency at this time more than he ought to be called upon to bear. One of the foremost public men of this country, a Democrat, writes us to say that during the past year he has heard, to his surprise, a growing number of people say openly that it would be a good thing for us to have a Mussolini. Certainly a Mussolini is free from some of the perplexities and frictions that beset the executive in a democratic government. Mr. Coolidge has a right, if he wishes, to insist that another take a turn at what is to-day the most exacting task in the world.

As It Affects the Democrats

By his renunciation of the Presidential candidacy President Coolidge has relieved the Democrats of a most formidable opponent. In spite of criticism in the West, he has retained a political strength throughout the country that it would be hard for any Democratic candidate to match. By his retirement from the field he has for the time being at least put new life into the candidacy of the popular Governor of New York, Alfred E. Smith. Aside from Mr. Coolidge himself, Governor Smith up to this time has been the most prominent candidate for the Presidency. There has been no one in the Democratic Party openly to challenge his outstanding position. It has been Governor Smith's candidacy, not the candidacy of other men, that has been the subject of conversation, inquiry, debate, and articles in the daily press and in magazines. What the ultimate effect upon the Democratic Party Mr. Coolidge's withdrawal may be time will tell. For the present Governor Smith remains the outstanding man in his party and is confronted by no correspondingly outstanding man in the Republican Party.

As It Affects the Republicans

The first and deepest impression upon the Republican Party made by Mr. Coolidge's withdrawal will relate, not to men, but to issues.

For over six years such leadership as there has been in the Republican Party has been directed to what President Harding called the return to normalcy. After the exhausting and exciting period of the war and its immediate aftermath, the American people were ready for a time of recuperation and attention to business. These years have been marked by an extraordinary development, not only in business activity, but also in industrial democracy. Not only has there been great prosperity, but also an unprecedented distribution of it. It has been the function of leaders in these years, in a phrase made popular by Senator Beveridge during the Roosevelt Progressive campaign, to pass prosperity around. Indeed, leadership in America has become less political—more economic. Democracy has been conquering other than political fields. But such a period cannot continue indefinitely. There are questions that the people face in their Government. The Republican Party must now choose whether it will continue to try to go along the easy way of mere business welfare or take the more difficult road that leads to larger freedom and better government.

What the issues before the Government to-day are we shall not stop here to discuss. One of them is unmistakable. That is the question of justice to the farmer. It is clear that in an age of combination and co-operation the farmer cannot prosper on a basis of mere individualism. America is not traditionally in favor of subsidies. It is not accustomed to giving doles. And Americans are not the sort who want doles or subsidies. If the way out is to be found, it must be sought in such relation between Government and the farmer as will preserve the farmer's self-respect and independence and yet express the entire country's responsibility for establishing conditions that will allow American farming to be fairly and uniformly prosperous. Is the Republican Party going to avoid such an issue as this, or is it going to accept that issue and propose an answer to it? Another issue is prohibition. As long as both parties avoid it, prohibition will remain a source of political corruption, intrigue, and degradation. If law is to be enforced, the responsibility for enforcing it must be accepted by those who seek executive power. The Republican Party must choose whether it will pursue a path of avoidance or a path of acceptance of responsibility for the law and its enforcement.

Is the Republican Party to choose the way of progress or is it to remain content with standing pat? That is the question which President Coolidge's withdrawal poses. That is the question which his party must answer between now and next June.

The Kind of Man Now Needed

If the Republican Party is to choose the way of progress, it must select the kind of man who both understands the character of the party he is to lead and discerns enough of the future to see the direction in which he is to lead it.

If he understands his party, he will recognize the fact that it is composed of people who are not afraid of power, whether exercised by the Government in control of political affairs or by the Nation in its relations to other nations of the world. He will therefore be essentially a Federalist and an imperialist. At the same time, if he is to go forward, accepting new issues and guiding his party in finding the answer to them, he must be essentially an idealist.

If the people of the United States want to curb the power of the Government or want to withdraw the Nation from contact with other parts of the world, they will not choose the Republican Party for the stewardship. But if they wish to find new ways by which the power of the Federal Government can serve them and new ways by which the power of the Nation can be of use for

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good will and justice among nations, they will want in positions of authority those who are capable of forming and pursuing ideals.

Among the most serious problems of the immediate future are those which are primarily economic. The situation, therefore, calls for a man who can think primarily in economic terms and in the immediately related social terms. He should obviously be able to think in these terms, not sectionally or regionally, but Nationally. Beginning with agriculture and industry, he will need to apply these same principles to such problems as immigration, the tariff, aviation, waterways, flood control, Conservation, armaments—especially sea and air forces—Latin America, and foreign policy. He should be able to view these problems in the spirit of an industrial engineer. As he should be a man who sees and knows the United States as a whole, so should he be a man also who has perception of its position in the world of nations. He should have some knowledge of the way to deal with peoples of other lands. He should understand how action at home affects interests abroad. Whether we like it or not, we are headed by economic and financial interests toward closer contact with Europe and Asia. Whether our contact be friendly or unfriendly will depend upon the leadership that we get from now on. Wrong leadership will make that contact dangerous; right leadership will make it of mutual advantage and service. Some think that the American people do not realize this. If that is so, then we need the more a President who does realize it.

Possible Candidates

FOREMOST among the men who are to have a chance to take the place that Mr. Coolidge has vacated is undoubtedly Herbert Hoover. His one defect is his apparent inability or unwillingness to understand and to use party machinery. The President of the United States is also head of his party. If he is going to lead it, he must inspire its subordinate leaders with loyalty. The party is a tool, and a man who is going to use it should understand it. Our best Presidents since parties were formed have been party men. If Mr. Hoover can learn to use the instrument that every President must employ, he will have qualifications that can hardly, if at all, be duplicated. He fits into the picture. He has the engineering mind. He believes in power and a proper use of it. He has had extraordinary opportunities of knowing other peoples besides the people of this country.

Next to Hoover stands Vice-President Dawes. His defect is the uncertainty of his temper and attitude. He has a striking personality and can command the attention that a leader should. His achievement in foreign affairs is as distinctive, if not as extensive, as any other American now living.

Former Governor Lowden, of Illinois, has his hold in the West. Though unlike William Jennings Bryan in other respects, he is like him in rising as a Presidential candidate on a single issue.

Other candidates are in the background. They will be discussed as the weeks go by. But at present the one man that appeals chiefly to the country is Mr. Hoover.

The Effect on the Country

THE President's retirement will revive the latent interest in American politics. It will start people thinking of political issues as they have not thought of them since the war. It will help to revive both parties. It will stimulate anew in American politics the competitive spirit. But most of all, it will turn men's minds towards the future and arouse an interest in new plans and ideals.

The End of the Naval Conference

PRESS correspondents have so often predicted the failure of international conferences that they were sure some time to be right. After the boy had called "Wolf! Wolf!" again and again the wolves finally came. Nobody, however, except those who foretold the wreck, can take any satisfaction in the disastrous end to which the Naval Conference at Geneva came.

Every country in the world in some degree will feel the bad effects of the failure of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan to agree to a further limitation of naval armaments. Compared with the objects of other conferences, the object of the Conference at Geneva was simple. It was limited not merely to naval armaments, but to restricted classes of naval vessels. It involved the navies of only three nations. It was not complicated by mutual fear, or even suspicion. It seemed to have everything in its favor. And yet it could not be accomplished. What, then, must seem to be the hopelessness of a general conference for the reduction of land as well as naval armaments! How can the small countries of Europe expect to reduce their armies, when three such Britain, and Japan cannot agree on any plan for reducing their cruisers, destroyers, and submarines? How can we or the British point the finger at the French, as some well-meaning individuals among both the English and the Americans have been counseling our two countries to do, when neither Great Britain nor the United States, having no possible naval enemy to menace it, can agree with the other on a basis of naval reduction? By agreeing to disagree, even in the most friendly spirit, the United States, Great Britain, and Japan have done much to justify the arguments of those who have said that the nations of Europe must maintain great armies. The ill effects of the fiasco at Geneva are therefore likely to be felt throughout the world.

For this failure the United States, as the Power which called the Conference, must accept chief responsibility. Great pressure was put upon our Government, through Congress and otherwise, to call this Conference. In yielding to this pressure the Government made two mistakes.

In the first place, it proceeded to bargain with other countries without having anything definite of value to them to offer in exchange for what it wanted. It is true that the United States is rich enough to outstrip any other country in a navy-building race. But, though the United States can, it won't. There is no sign that the American people want to tax themselves merely in order to prevent some other people from having a bigger navy than theirs. So the threat of starting a new naval competition would have been insincere and ineffective. What other inducement had we to suggest to Great Britain or to Japan to comply with our request that they deny themselves the cruisers, destroyers, and submarines which they might wish to retain or to build? When Secretary Hughes made his opening address at the Washington Conference, he astounded all the delegates present as well as a listening world by the hugeness of the sacrifice of battleships which the United States was ready to make in exchange for sacrifices on the part of other nations. At Geneva Mr. Gibson, the head of the American delegation, had no offer at all to make. That was America's initial mistake.

In the second place, the American Government apparently made insufficient effort to see that the Governments with which it was to confer understood its point of view or that it understood theirs. In his speech at the dedication of the International Peace Bridge at

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defect in the arrangements for the Conference in terse and guarded language. He said:

> Perhaps before this Conference was held there was not the preliminary careful appraisement by each conferee of the necessities of the other. Perhaps too exclusive concentration by each conferee upon the necessities of his own nation resulted in predetermined ultimatum before a comparison of views; perhaps the public announcement of respective programs early in the Conference produced fears of domestic public repercussion if they were reasonably modified, as would be necessary to effect an agreement.

For this lack of preparation, if lack there was, the responsibility rests upon the Government that called the Conference. No other Government could well take the initiative in sounding the views of other Governments except as it might seek guidance in deciding whether to accept or decline the American Government's invitation. France and Italy evidently satisfied themselves that the Conference at Geneva, to which they were invited, would not be productive of good, and they declined the invitation. Great Britain is not wholly free from fault in this matter; for she understood the general basis—the 5–5–3 ratio—on which the negotiations would rest, and yet she entered the Conference knowing she could not or would not accede to any plan for applying the 5–5–3 ratio to cruisers.

Of the three countries that participated in the Conference, the one that comes out with the least reproach is Japan. Fortunately for her reputation in this case, Japan is poor, and in her poverty finds the best of reasons for keeping her navy to a minimum. She had every reason, therefore, to second any proposal by either the United States or Great Britain which would tend to keep navies from expanding. Japan has come out from this Conference with an added score of good will. But even Japan has suffered with the rest of the world from the failure of this Conference.

What prevented the Geneva Conference from drafting and signing a treaty was the inability of the conferees to find a way of reconciling the points of view of the United States and Great Britain. The United States thinks of its navy in terms of battle fleets and coast-defense vessels and heavily armed cruisers with large cruising radius. Great Britain thinks of her navy primarily in terms of the defense of her network of marine communications, and that means, not cruisers of limited radius with easy access to fueling stations. Great Britain is entirely willing to apply the 5–5–3 ratio to battle fleets, including both capital ships and fleet auxiliaries; but she evidently is not ready to apply that ratio to all naval vessels. This, in the last analysis, was the obstruction which the Conference could not overcome.

With apparent candor W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty and head of the British delegation, remarked: "Although we have stated our reason for wanting a number of small cruisers, we do not understand what are their [the American delegates'] reasons for demanding so many large cruisers or so many with such high offensive weapons as the eight-inch gun." Thus the British delegation attempted to make the American delegation appear as if wishing to develop an offensive or aggressive naval power. Of course, there is no real distinction between a navy of offensive and a navy of defensive power. The only power that is adequately defensive is one that can take the offensive. But the real reason for the American delegation's insistence on liberty for America to build large cruisers, a reason repeatedly stated, is to be found in the fact that America has not, as Britain has, fueling stations scattered all over the world, and therefore must depend upon the power and cruising radius of the cruisers she has.

In dealing with this impossible task of reconciling apparently irreconcilable views without adequate preparation and with nothing to offer in return for concessions demanded, Ambassador Gibson, head of the American delegation, acquitted himself well. He was patient, resourceful, heedful of the advice of experts, caustic when the sharp word was needed, courteous, skillful, clear.

In regard to our liberty of action the Conference leaves us where we were. We are free to build cruisers, destroyers, and submarines to our hearts' content. It would be silly for us to build cruisers just because Great Britain builds them. Naval war between the United States and Britain is so far removed from probability that it would be a waste of money to build a fleet in competition with Great Britain's. But we ought to have an adequate navy for any duty which a navy is called upon to perform. Our navy at present is deficient in cruisers. Congress ought to make up the deficiency. We ask the naval officers, bluejackets, and marines to trust themselves to our ships of war and to their armor and armament. We ought to provide them with the best. A feeble navy is a menace to those who use it. History shows that power of itself is neither right nor wrong; the rightness or wrongness depends upon the way it is used. We cannot insure benevolence by equipping our naval force with inadequate instruments. In recent years we have neglected our navy. It is time that we put it in shape.

Leonard Wood, Loyal Son of America

IN the early days of the Plattsburg camps, before the United States entered the World War, there was a certain company in which there was enrolled a man who was almost everything that a Plattsburger should not be. He considered orders a more or less personal affront. He was surly with his tentmates. His equipment was perpetually in a mess. He discovered base and material motives in every act. Why he ever entrained for the famous military base on the shore of Lake Champlain was beyond the power of his fellow-soldiers to discover. To Plattsburg came Leonard Wood, then in the midst of his great fight for the type of military preparation which is the only true protection of a republic. The rookies watched him as he passed through their camp. They noted the effect of his presence and the friendly solicitude which he made manifest for them all. To be in camp with Leonard Wood was to be under the eye of a great leader of men.

One day the regiment, after a long hike in the broiling sun, fell out to rest along the roadside. It chanced to be the lot of a member of The Outlook's staff to find himself next to the company grouch, the slack soldier who was a stranger to the Plattsburg idea.

"Do you know," said the grouch "ever since I come to this camp I've been studyin' about General Wood. For the life of me, I can't see why he's so keen about all this preparedness racket He's just getting himself in Dutch with Washington. What can he get out of it anyhow? He's a major-general now and he can't get any more rank. There's no chance for him to get any more pay Why, you know, I've almost come to the conclusion that he's doing it for his country."

The bewildered testimony of this slack soldier was perhaps one of the finest compliments ever paid to Leonard Wood.

Leonard Wood had the character and mind which drew forth such tribute even from reluctant lips. His personal courage was tried in battle, his spiritual [illegible] tested in a thousand way

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And with this physical and spiritual courage was linked the power to make other men endure both in war and in peace beyond the limits of the strength that was given them. Leonard Wood's career, from that pursuit of Geronimo, which won for him a Congressional medal, to the hour when he died in harness as Governor-General of the Philippines, was studded with achievements each of which would have made any man notable in his generation. Yet to those who knew him he was more than a great leader; he was the embodiment of those characteristics which we like best to think of as typically American.

He carried throughout his career the rank and uniform of an officer of the United States Army, yet with all the soldierly virtues he was, in the best sense of the phrase, "civilian-minded." His broad humanity encompassed and understood the aspirations of many men of many creeds in many lands. A Catholic priest in Cuba could choose him as his spiritual sponsor at his installation and win from Rome a special dispensation which permitted this Protestant American general to present him at the altar. He could fight the Moros of Mindanao and receive from this proud people a personal loyalty and affection which they have granted to no other American. He could be sent to maintain martial law in a strike area, heralded by lying statements that a Cossack was coming, and achieve the respect and regard of the men he had been sent to control. Business men and laborers alike found in the General a clear understanding of the relation between the rights of property and the rights of the individual. A realist in all things, and touched with a high imagination, Leonard Wood has been a strengthening power to the land indebted to him for a lifetime of service and love.

In the hour of Leonard Wood's death we shall not speak much of the tragedies and disappointments that came to him even in the midst of his great achievements. Leonard Wood was too good a soldier to wish his friends to voice vain regrets, yet we cannot forbear recalling the day when Leonard Wood stood on the shores of New York Harbor and saw the division that he had trained leave for France under command of another. We cannot forbear recalling his final message to the division which he had hoped to lead in battle: "The orders have been changed, and I am to go back to Funston. . . . There is nothing to be said. These orders stand, and the only thing to do is to do the best we can. . . . That is what we are here for. That is what

(C) Paul Thompson

Leonard Wood, a great American, who in peace and in war fought indomitably for his ideals. At home in martial camps and in the high councils of civilians, he represented the best flower of the land that he loved

The Career of Leonard Wood

LEONARD WOOD was born at Winchester, New Hampshire, October 9, 1860; graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1884. He was appointed an assistant surgeon in the United States Army on January 5, 1886. For his services in the Apache campaigns in that year he was awarded a Congressional medal. He was promoted to the rank of captain in the Medical Corps on January 5, 1891, and appointed Colonel of the United States Volunteer Cavalry—the Rough Riders—on May 8, 1898. For his services at Las Guasimas and San Juan Hill he was made a brigadier-general in 1898, and that same year was promoted to the rank of major-general. On February 4, 1901, he was made a brigadier-general of the Regular Army by President McKinley, and as senior brigadier-general of the Regular Army was promoted to major-general in 1903.

He was Military Governor of Cuba from December 12, 1899, until 1902, on duty in the Philippine Islands as Governor of the Moro Province from 1903 until 1906, and for two years thereafter was Commander of the Philippine Division. In 1908 he was made a Special Ambassador to the Argentine Republic, and in 1910 Chief of Staff of the United States Army. From 1910 to 1914 he commanded the Department of the East, and was later assigned to command the Southeastern Department, and organized and trained the Eighty-ninth National Army Division and the Tenth Regular Army Division. After the war he was Commander of the Central Department, with headquarters at Chicago. From 1921 until the day of his death he was Governor-General of the Philippine Islands. He was a candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1920.

General Wood was awarded the Congressional Medal, as we have previously said, and the Distinguished Service Medal for his services during the World War. He was Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor (French); Grand Officer Order of the Rising Sun (Japanese); Grand Officer, Order of S. S. Mauritius and Lazarus (Italian); Grand Officer, Order of the Golden Grain (Chinese). He held honorary degrees from thirteen colleges and universities.

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Here is the havoc wrought in one of four subway stations in New York City which were seriously damaged by bombs on August 5. The police are still searching for the author of these crimes

we have been trained for. . . . Good luck, and God bless you."

The orders have been changed. General Wood is not to go back to his post in the Philippines. His road lies through Arlington. The order stands, and the only thing to do is to do the best we can and to keep alive in America the traditions of public service which were the breath of Leonard Wood's being.

Terrorism vs. Law

WHETHER or not the subway explosions in New York and other destructive explosions in Baltimore and Philadelphia were an outcome of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, as most people seem to think, it is a fact that ever since the trial in 1921 there have been similar violent demonstrations ica, undoubtedly the work of Anarchists and extreme radicals, and accompanied by threats of the terrible things that would happen if "justice" were not done to the two men convicted of murder.

This is not agitation; it is not even revolution; it is sheer terrorism. Not until this country becomes another Russia will ordered government and the due process of law give way before anonymous threats and dastardly acts of reckless destruction.

No one needed the assurance of the head of the American Federation of Labor, William Green, that the Federation disowned sympathy with terrorism and condemned radical outbursts. The Federation is at war with the party of violence—call its members, as you will, Communists, Reds, or Anarchists. The Federation represents the substantial

and again has voted down its minority of extremists.

The statement of Governor Fuller and the report of his advisory committee have gone far to strengthen the belief in Massachusetts' firm desire to see justice done within its bounds. Even the New York "World," which has been insistent that the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti "has never been completely and impartially reviewed by any tribunal," now comments on the Lowell committee's report: "It has the earmarks of fairness, consideration, shrewdness, and coolness. This is the first time in seven years that the case against Sacco and Vanzetti has been plausibly and comprehensively stated." It would be both presumptuous and futile for individuals to disregard the fact that Governor Fuller and his committee have given arduous study of the records, have listened to the statements of jurymen, judge, accused, and witnesses, and have dealt with the facts as they see them, with every intention of fairness. Governor Fuller took an unusual but perfectly proper course in calling upon President Lowell, Dr. Stratton, and Judge Grant to help and advise him in reaching a conclusion as to freeing the prisoners or mitigating their punishment. In view of this intensive survey of the whole case, it is almost puerile for this or that individual citizen to clamor, "Well after all, I don't believe it!" Doubts as to innocence or guilt or prejudice will always remain, but they belong in the domain of personal feeling, not of public advocacy.

One object-lesson to be learned from this case affects not only Massachusetts but the administration of law and court procedure at large. Over a year ago The Outlook commented: "The two men were convicted of murder in the first degree five years ago, but they have neither been hanged nor been released. An appeal of some kind is still pending. Those who believe that one of the difficulties of dealing with the increasing number of crimes of violence arises from the possibility of just such long delay will find in this particular case a striking illustration." Since then the complex game of appeals and motions has gone on briskly. It is stated that Judge Thayer, who was the trial judge, denied seven motions for a new trial and five supplementary motions before the Supreme Court got the case. On the day before that set for the execution he had under advisement a motion for revocation of sentence and stay of execution, having already denied other petitions the day before. Incidentally, he listened to an impassioned impeachment of his own

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Brooklyn barbers parading in protest against Governor Fuller's decision

fairness as a judge, based partly upon the Lowell committee's statement that the judge had talked privately about the case and in so doing had committed "a grave breach of official decorum," although the committee found no evidence of prejudice in his conduct as a judge.

Massachusetts may have a flaw not existing in all States in its criminal procedure in that it is impossible to secure a hearing of an appeal as to the evidence by a bench of judges or a judge other than he who conducted the trial. But it is a general truth that in this country the courts are clogged and the administration of justice suffers terribly because the appeals, postponements, and subsidiary hearings are allowed to take not months but years. Justice, prompt and inexorable, with safeguards for the innocent but without subterfuges for those who mean to obstruct the law's course, is an obvious necessity. That our Federal courts usually act more vigorously and promptly than State courts is largely due to this excess of legal legerdemain in the latter.

It is expected that a large but peaceful demonstration of sympathy for the two convicted men will take place in Boston on the day of the execution (if, as seems probable at this writing, a stay is not granted) and workingmen of many cities have been called on to stop work as a token of their belief in the innocence of these convicted murderers. All that is perfectly legitimate, if it is not accompanied by violence, threats, or denunciation of our form of government. Most of the bands of Reds now here who would make another Russia of the United States have no conception whatever of the meaning of American democracy. There has been much about the Sacco-Vanzetti agitation which points the moral to the belief that more and more we must direct our admission of foreign elements by consideration of the kind of people who can assimilate and wish to do so, and must reject those who come, not to build up, but to destroy.

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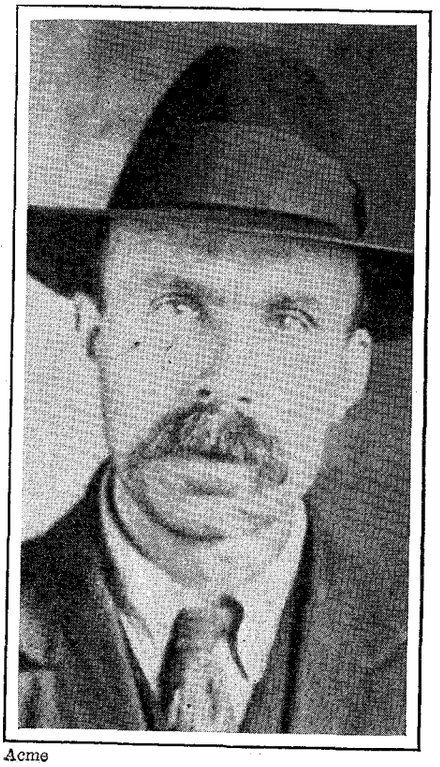
Nicola Sacco



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Bartolomeo Vanzetti

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Comments on the Coolidge Statement

By Leaders of Opinion

In answer to the request of The Outlook, the following statements have been received for publication

From Gifford Pinchot

Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, Nationally prominent for his work in forestry and Conservation; Professor of Forestry at Yale; a man who combines political experience with training in worth-while American principles.

EITHER President Coolidge meant what he seemed to say or he was playing a cheap and shabby political trick on the American people. To assume that the President was playing such a trick is to insult him, and that bitterly. I respect the President of the United States, therefore I accept Mr. Coolidge's words at their face value. When the President makes a declaration to the people of the United States, the least we can do is to believe that he means it. In this case, if he did not mean it, there could be no respectable reason why he should say it. The effect of Mr. Coolidge's declaration is to throw down the barriers and make it anybody's race for the Republican nomination. The political confusion which followed the President's statement is, in my opinion, only apparent. The powers behind the politicians undoubtedly know just what they want, and are already on their way to get it.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

Milford, Pennsylvania.

From W. H. Cowles

Editor and publisher of the Spokane "Spokesman-Review;" a Republican, and one of the most influential figures in the Northwest.

WHEN a scrub ball game is starting, frequently a boy calls out, "I choose to play center field," or some other field position. This stands unless other members of his nine insist that he take his place behind the bat because he is the best catcher and they need him there to win the game. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the judgment of his team prevails over his personal inclinations. President Coolidge has called out, "I choose not to be a candidate;" but in all probability his team, the Republican Party, will decide whether or not he shall have his wish.

The President's statement was frank and patriotic. It evidently meant that he will not use the influence of the Presidential office to secure the nomination for himself. If the Republican Convention chooses him, he cannot decline.

Of course he would welcome the nomination unsought by him as conclusive proof of the success of his Administration; but he does not want the party to hesitate in nominating another if thereby National interests will be served better. Selfish considerations would have led him to maintain silence, as there was an overwhelming sentiment among Republican voters throughout the country favoring him. Those States having Presidential primaries probably will vote for him, unless something happens to change public sentiment. His admirers will put his name on the tickets. His nomination is much less certain than it would have been had he remained silent, as his opponents will proclaim that he has declined definitely; but in the absence of a later and totally different statement from him the majority will assume that he can be drafted.

W. H. COWLES.

Spokane, Washington.

From Victor Murdock

Author, editor of the Wichita "Daily Eagle," formerly Member of Congress, later Federal Trade Commissioner; an outstanding representative of the progressive sentiment of the Central West.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE doesn't palter with the people. In a double sense he meant to be final. He was with his candidacy out of the equation. The key to the future within the Republican Party is in the new Senate. Around developments there the next Presidential campaign will largely shape. Republicans like Brookhart and Norris, veterans in certain forward convictions, are now in a position to force issues into the situation which in turn may well color all Presidential candidacies and platform expressions; for, with their new position in the make-up of the Senate, such men as Brookhart and Norris are more likely to push ideas than candidacies. Their ideas include direct Presidential primaries, maintenance of the inheritance tax, the strengthening of the anti-trust acts, strong control of hydroelectric developments, actual and extreme farm relief, and the denunciation of the use of armed forces in behalf of private investments abroad. Their strong position in the Senate, not previously possessed by them, and the resulting opportunity for the presentation of such issues indicate a remodeling of the Republican establishment on a large scale; or, that failing, a major popular defection in Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, which will land any Republican Presidential candidacy in 1928 high and dry.

VICTOR MURDOCK.

Wichita, Kansas.

From P. H. Callahan

President of the Louisville Varnish Company and Nationally known as the foremost leader of Catholic laymen.

I CANNOT interpret President Coolidge's message in any other way but that he will not be a candidate in 1928.

President Coolidge differs a great deal from Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson, who had programs of economics and international peace which were not completed; but our President has no such complex, and, furthermore, he has an abundance of common sense and realizes there is nothing better than a good terminus.

President Coolidge's decision must be a disappointment to the Eastern conservatives, and, if Mr. Hoover is nominated, it will necessarily compel the Democrats to nominate a progressive candidate like Secretary McAdoo or Senator Thomas Walsh and follow their 1916 program of combining the West and South.

While many people dread the specter of a third term, President Coolidge was never considered a "man on horseback."

P. H. CALLAHAN.

Louisville, Kentucky.

From Richard I. Manning

Ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina, an agriculturist, and one of the most distinguished leaders of the Southern Democracy.

THE precedents set by Washington and Jefferson in their clear, decisive statements regarding their candidacies for re-election could safely be followed. Any pronouncement by the President of the United States should be so clear and unequivocal that the public could have no doubt of its meaning.

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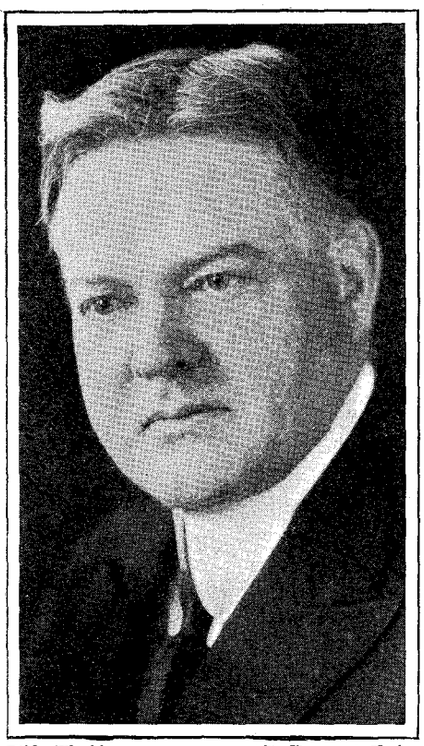
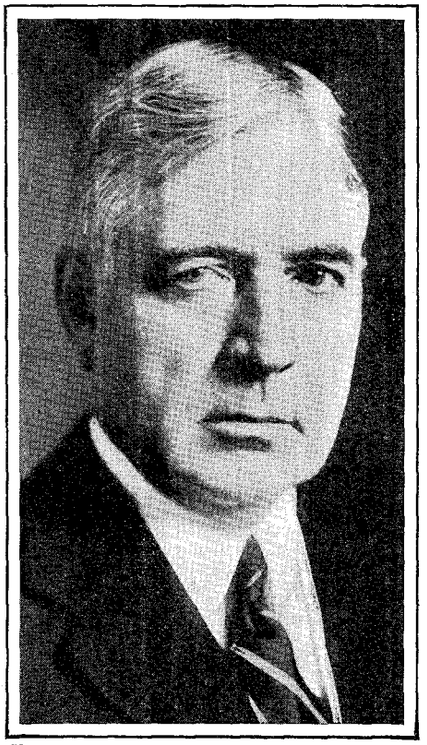


Wide World (C) Harris & Ewing
Herbert Clark Hoover, of California



Keystone
Frank Orren Lowden, of Illinois

Keystone
Charles Gates Dawes, of Illinois

President Coolidge's statement is obscure and taken literally settles nothing. However, he seems to wish to convey the impression that he will not stand for re-election, and the public would be justified in accepting this as his intention.

RICHARD I. MANNING.
Columbia, South Carolina.

From George Fort Milton

Editor and publisher of the Chattanooga "News;" a Southern Democrat of the younger generation who has a high place in the councils of his party.

CALVIN COOLIDGE'S twelve-word statement knocks the props from under our present political set-up. Whatever secondary meaning his laconic but obscure words might possess, they have but one meaning to the ruling powers of the Republican Party—Cal is through. Mr. Coolidge enjoys the curious distinction of having alienated many, if not most, of the important individual leaders in his party. They will leave undone no word or deed to prove to Mr. Coolidge that they accept at full face value his declination to run next year. There is not the slightest danger that they will draft Calvin Coolidge for a third term.

The G. O. P. will not engage in a bitter and magnificent conflict to determine whether the industrial East or the agricultural West will dominate.

Lowden, as champion of the agricultural West, will have behind him the Republicans of the West, except the radicals, to whom Lowden is merely the Steel Trust's bid for the farmer vote. Men feeling thus will back Norris, of Nebraska.

The industrial East will largely concentrate behind Herbert Hoover, though not without disaffection, as Hoover appeals to the industrial more than to the political East. Eastern politicians would incline to Nicholas Longworth, or Hughes, or even some such favorite son as Willis, of Ohio. But Hoover would loom largest in the public mind. The industrial East is more potent in the Republican Party than the agricultural West, and the industrial East will likely win, leaving many deep wounds on its foe. If Hoover and Lowden kill one another off, some successful wire-puller, some Longworth or Willis, may pluck the plum.

Heretofore there had been a general Democratic disposition to question the likelihood of election success next fall, unless conditions should have radically changed from those of the spring and early summer of 1927. There had been some disposition to "let Smith have it, and get the worst beating a Democrat ever got." But in politics, as on the gridiron, the ball changes hands in the twinkling of an eye. It now looks as if the Republican situation of 1912 will be approached, if not completely recreated, in 1928. There is more than a possibility that the right Democrat can be elected President. The Democratic nominee will not be called upon to make a vicarious sacrifice on the altar of party loyalty. If he be a man who can appeal to the sullen Western G. O. P., ruthlessly denied its chosen leader and its farm relief, and if this Democratic nominee also be a man who firmly and courageously advocates the enforcement of prohibition and the maintenance of the Constitution, thus insuring the electoral loyalty of the South, a Southern-Western union is feasible, and the Democrats can elect such a man President of the United States. Smith's prospects are badly impaired by the Coolidge withdrawal and those of McAdoo greatly improved.

Next year is likely to witness the most desperate political battles within both parties and between them that have occurred since 1912. A thoroughgoing reclassification of American politics is not beyond the range of hope.

GEORGE FORT MILTON.
Chattanooga, Tennesssee.

From Ralph O. Brewster

Republican Governor of Maine, one of the most aggressive figures in the political map of New England.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S renunciation has laid another stone in the citadel of American democracy. It will be remembered as the crowning achievement in an extraordinary career. It teaches a salutary lesson in the traditions of the Presidency to his enthusiastic friends. Many citizens of Maine and of New England will hope that Herbert Hoover may be the next President of the United States. RALPH O. BREWSTER.

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Is It Time for a Catholic President?

By JUDGE PIERRE CRABITÉS

An American Catholic Urges Governor Smith to Withdraw from the Presidential Race for the Sake of Their Common Faith

THAT the Presidential candidacy of the present Governor of New York is a serious menace to the Catholic religion is my reaction to the efforts of those well-meaning men who are seeking to obtain the Democratic nomination for as high-minded a statesman as has ever filled public office. Alfred E. Smith is a loyal American and a devout Catholic. He and his advisers have apparently failed to see that, whether he can or cannot become President, the very prominence given to his legitimate aspirations at this particular moment constitutes the greatest single peril that has ever beset Catholicism on the North American Continent since Lord Baltimore implanted upon the soil of Maryland the doctrine of religious freedom.

I am writing as a Catholic, as a man who was educated by Jesuit Fathers, and who has seen to it that his only son has received the same advantage of Jesuit training. I do not know Governor Smith. I have never seen him. I have, however, the highest respect for his talents, the most unbounded admiration for his character, and an esteem for his executive qualities that almost amounts to veneration.

I am a Southerner. I therefore need not say what the welfare of the party of white supremacy means to me. I recognize the incomparable vote-gathering qualities of the man of whom I am writing. I know what it signifies to a political organization to have as its available standard-bearer a born leader of men who comes from a pivotal State.

It is not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more, that I feel constrained to give expression to my views.

I PRESENT a sorry spectacle as I write these lines. I am propped up in bed. I am lying in a hospital in far-away Egypt. Three years ago a Cairo tram ran over my right leg. A skillful surgeon amputated it just south of the knee. Ten days ago I fell down the stairs of my home just as I was leaving for court. The fall broke my knee-cap and added a new word to my vocabulary. I now know what "patella" means and silver cords within my flesh and bones link—and I hope indissolubly—this Irish boy and girl. But bandages and what is left of a plaster cast immobilize my limb. They cannot, however, imprison my soul. My friends are very kind to me. They seek to distract me. There are nevertheless long hours when I must perforce remain alone. Reading has solaced me. Every time, however, that I look up from my book those blank hospital walls have seemed to carry a message to me. They flash forth words that are burning themselves into my soul. They read—I am copying them now: "'Al' Smith owes it to the faith of his fathers to retire from this race."

Of course, all this merely shows that for months I have been giving American political questions careful thought. I am divorced from factional strife. Thousands of miles separate me from the battle fray. Yet as a man who was born in Louisiana on the morrow of Reconstruction the call of the blood forces me to be interested in Democratic success. I have scanned the field for a winning candidate. The incomparable strength invariably shown by Governor Smith on election day has made my pulse beat faster. I have dispassionately surveyed the situation. I have convinced myself that *if* he can be nominated—and I underscore this word "if"—he will stand an excellent chance of election. But my same analysis, study, and contemplation have likewise persuaded me that, even if the Presidential chair be within his grasp, his election would be detrimental to the best interests of his religion.

I FALL back upon history for my opening argument. Those splendid men and women who fled from the Old World for the purpose of escaping religious tyranny, among whom I count certain of my forebears, had—with the exception of Lord Baltimore and his English Catholics—no intention of establishing freedom of worship beyond the seas. They were sons and daughters of an intolerant age. They did not deny the premise that the majority had the right to make the minority accept its dogmas. They merely fought, to the best of their ability, to have the upper hand. When the tide of battle went definitely against them, they turned their eyes to the West with the fixed resolve of imposing their views upon their new habitat. When they began to draft laws and to draw up constitutions, enactments in many cases flowed from their pens that placed disabilities upon Catholics and Jews. These statutes bespeak the measure of tolerance that grew to fruition in the old colonies.

When Jefferson and his Virginia friends insisted that the Federal Constitution should proclaim that no law shall be passed respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, what was really back of their minds was to protect the Episcopalians of Virginia against the Methodists of North Carolina, the Dutch Reformed Church of New York against the Congregationalists of Massachusetts, and the Baptists of Georgia against the Quakers of Pennsylvania. American thought had evolved in those days to the extent that it was then felt that every Protestant of every colony should have the right of worshiping his Protestant God in every one of the thirteen States according to the tenets of his Protestant sect. The rule against the "establishment of a religion" was merely a corollary to this primary proposition. It meant that in Virginia the Episcopalian of the South renounced his vested right in favor of the Congregationalist of the North because the latter granted him a similar favor in New England.

But that these men never thought of Catholics and Jews when they carried out their give-and-take program is shown by the fact that they were intellectually the self-same group that in 1776 had, as slave-owners, declared all men to be born free and equal. When they spoke of "men" on July 4, 1776, they meant "white men," although they did not say so in so many words. When a few years later they ordained "the free exercise of religion," they had in mind the various Protestant sects then established in the States, although they did not specifically so declare. It took practically a hundred years and a great civil war to delete the adjective "white" from the Declaration of Independence. General Grant at Appomattox ran his sword through the fateful word. It is to avoid the possibility of a like contingency that I counsel patience. Decades mean nothing to the Catholic Church. It can wait until public opinion wipes the Protestant

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Underwood & Underwood

Governor Smith and Mayor Walker of New York shown as they welcomed Cardinal Bonzano, the Pope's personal envoy, to the Eucharistic Congress held last year in Chicago. Mayor Walker is on the left, Cardinal Bonzano next to him, then come New York State's popular Governor and Cardinal Hayes of New York

clause out of Protestant hearts. The spiritual ink that has written it is fast fading away. Within a relatively short space of time it will have disappeared if an inconsiderate candidacy cease to give it new chemical life.

When those deeply religious first settlers carried their wives, their Bibles, and their guns to the New World, they brought with them hearts filled with pious rancor. They lived in little settlements where austerity, intolerance, and Indian fighting tended to keep alive that flame of sectarian exclusiveness and of Church militancy that had gnawed at their vitals when they were still in Europe. They formed homogeneous entities ethnically, intellectually, and spiritually. I am speaking, I need not add, along general lines. I am referring to the separate colonies, and not to the thirteen viewed as a whole. Each group lived within itself. It had to coalesce to fight the red man. It knew of no amusement, and automatically fell back upon prayer as a bond of fellowship. It therefore developed an ingrowing type of religion that sought for outward expression in the form of missionary zeal. This it did not confine to matters ecclesiastical, but extended to subjects which the world at large considers to be purely mundane problems. And then came the black slaves. New England had them as long as they were economically profitable to her. Their presence brought the white settlers closer together, convinced them more and more that they were a chosen people, and fortified the underlying proselytism of the dominant race. A mentality sprang from this crucible that differed from that of England. Britain is tolerant in the sense that if she can plant her flag on a given square mile of territory she is perfectly willing that the inhabitants thereof may continue to use their ancestral altars and commune with their god or gods as befits their pleasure. She respects traditions. It may be said that she makes a fetish of them. We are iconoclasts. We are idealists. We are missionaries. We look upon our civilization as a panacea for all evils. We feel that it is our duty to force our medicine upon everybody. Our motives are lofty, our disinterestedness impeccable, and our courage unassailable. We therefore bring to the propaganda of our political faith the fervor of religious zeal. We extend the domain of government to issues which others divorce from spirituality. We are nevertheless, it grieves me to say it, self-centered, intolerant, and militant in our desire to make others as blessed as we think that we are.

We lived in our shell until 1840. Until that year no immigration of an extraneous nature reached our shores in appreciable numbers. Our blood remained unaltered, our mental horizon unchanged, and our fanaticism beneficent in its self-satisfaction. But in 1837 the Irish potato crop failed, and starving sons and daughters of Erin began to crowd into our Northern ports. The slaves of the South closed the labor markets of that section to the brawn and muscle of Ireland. It thus came about that this influx of new blood in no sense affected the racial homogeneity of the

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original Southern stock. And another line of cleavage likewise followed. The North, in those years, knew of an anti-foreign movement called Know-Nothingism. The South, with the exception of New Orleans and the other ports through which immigrants arrived, escaped such troubles. But by 1856 this first phase of Ku-Kluxism seems to have disappeared. The truth is that it was probably so completely absorbed by the anti-slavery discussion that it died of inanition. And, besides, at about this time the Germans began to arrive in droves. They, too, steered clear of the South. Carl Schurz and others made them work for the Republican Party. This prevented the rebirth of Know-Nothingism, as Northern sentiment needed votes and looked with favor upon possible conscripts to fight the South.

And then came the Civil War. The Anglo-Saxons of the South and the French and Acadians of Louisiana, all 100 per cent Americans, battled to the last ditch for principles dear to their hearts. After the war the proved heroism of Irish and German Union veterans made it impossible for the North to call such valiant men "foreigners." It was therefore not until the late eighties that this heterogenous section of the United States began to hear of an American Protective Association. But all of these problems and those of the melting-pot and of assimilation did not affect the social structure of the South. The white population of the old Confederate States remained, with the exception of South Louisiana, over 90 per cent Anglo-Saxon or of *pucka* American stock.

And South Louisiana, notwithstanding the presence of the metropolitan city of New Orleans, continued to have a population 75 per cent of which was American-born of American-born parentage. It was not until the Great War had impressed upon the States that had fought for the Stars and Bars that the *Volkerchaos* of the North was imperiling the Union that they gave this immigration issue serious thought. And then came the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. And after it the menace of Europe making of America a post-war dumping-ground. All of this awoke the South from its lethargy as to the peril engendered by the noxious gases thrown off by the melting-pot. It now attacks the foreign menace with the enthusiasm of the neophyte. It opposes any relaxation of our immigration laws with an intensity, a fervor, and a passion that is that of a religious zealot defending the purity of his fireside and the inviolability of his altar.

All of this historical reminiscence is germane to my thesis. Its object is to emphasize the fact that the eleven Secessionist States are *pucka* American in sentiment and vibrating with a pre-1776 type of Americanism which amounts to a cult. To men framed in such a mold "the sidewalks of New York" are anathema. This refrain, which is so dear to the ears of Smith adherents, conveys to their minds a challenge to "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and involves a slur upon the "Star-Spangled Banner." They see in the music which New York loves to hear the glorification of assimilation, the cry of triumph of the foreigner, the defiant challenge of the newly arrived immigrant. They therefore associate the name of the peerless Governor of the Empire State with the most abhorrent, the most assertive, and the most maleficent of the odors dispelled by the melting-pot. It is all very well to say that America is the land of opportunity and that Governor Smith's achievements lend glory to our institutions. The Solid South will hear nothing of this. I do not refer to the politicians, who may be able to manipulate delegations and even to deliver electoral votes. I have in mind the farmer, who is at heart an evangelist, a missionary, and a local Billy Sunday? He says, as he leans over his plow: "No, a foreign-born citizen cannot be President of the United States. This Smith is a Catholic and a foreigner. Nobody will force him on me as long as I can shoulder a gun."

I KNOW perfectly well that the man whom I admire so very much was born in New York City of parents of American birth. The backwoodsman of the South, he whose ancestors helped at Yorktown to make a nation, replies to this that I am a quibbler, that I may be technically correct, but that from the broader standpoint of eternal truth I am mistaken. He argues that the founders of the Republic did not refer to geographical accidents when they spoke of native-born citizens alone being eligible to the Presidency. He insists that his forebears did not intend that the circumstance that Spanish parents might have happened to be in New York on their way to Havana when their baby was born and have continued their journey as soon as mother and infant were able to travel would permit this boy to immigrate to Key West twenty-five years later, found a political machine among Cuban tobacco-rollers, and then work his way to the chair of Washington. He holds that "East Side, West Side, all around the town," is not America within the meaning of the spirit of the law. His point of view is that his great-grandfathers and his paternal and maternal great-granduncles wanted no one to be President who had not been born in America and in an environment which breathed the spirit of Protestant righteousness. His aspect of the matter is that his progenitors made it a condition precedent to eligibility to the highest office in the world that the man so honored must have been sung to sleep as an infant by lullabies attuned to sacred music, that he have learned from his mother's lips Mother Goose rhymes, and that the Bible have been instilled in him from the cradle. Such an atmosphere, and not a physiological fact, were the conditions that he considers were contemplated by the framers of our organic law.

And, going further, he sees in the religious upbringing of Governor Smith something foreign to the genius of our institutions. I do not refer to doctrinal matters. I have in view the fact that my Mississippi or North Carolina rural voter looks upon all Catholic priests as being foreigners who either cannot speak English or who have an Irish brogue. It is true that there are to-day many native-born American Catholics who have taken holy orders, but they are still, with rare exceptions, first-generation men. The Southern Protestant, who has in many cases passed his entire life in a neighborhood where no Catholic resides, therefore refuses to admit that a man born and reared under the Smith conditions can be considered as having had that 100 per cent American upbringing necessary to make him Constitutionally eligible to the Chief Magistracy of the United States.

I have already spoken of the all-pervading religious enthusiasm of the original American stock. I have sought to show that it is inspired by the zeal of the missionary. I have endeavored to point out that it extends to subjects which most foreign legislatures reserve to individual discretion. It was not until a relatively recent date that this spirit was applied by the South to prohibition. The old Confederate States finally entered the dry column because they found themselves face to face with conditions calling for a drastic remedy. The Negroes were getting out of hand. White women were assaulted by whisky-soaked blacks. Lynch law was an unsatisfactory and an inefficient remedy. John Barleycorn had to go. And to put him out and to keep him out the inherent proselytism of the race came into play. Prohibition is therefore to the Southern white family, living alone in a sea of Negroes, legislation prescribed on high

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for the safety of the household. When, therefore, wet advocates play "Hail to the Chief" in honor of Governor Smith, they are again affronting the religious susceptibilities of the Solid South. It is extremely unfortunate that such a clean liver as is Alfred E. Smith should thus have his cause linked to an issue which, under present conditions, it is believed by many God-fearing men to strike at the safety of Southern homes. This inability to catch the other man's point of view is what makes the present situation appear so ominous to me. The wetness of Governor Smith is not construed by men and women who consider their firesides menaced as being the result of an honest difference of opinion affecting an economic problem. It is looked upon by them as wrong-headedness due to bad environment in early youth and to an inability to think correctly about a moral question.

And this Tammany Hall thrust cuts deeper than New York seems to recognize. I have a weak spot somewhere for the Tiger. I look upon the Wigwam of to-day as honestly endeavoring to give Manahttan the best government that the people will accept. But such is not the opinion held on the banks of the Yazoo or at Rome, Georgia. There, the Fourteenth Street headquarters typify Wall Street manipulation, municipal graft, and police corruption.

And it should not be forgotten that the South has at no time ever accepted a Tammany favorite as its leader. It may have recognized him as a temporary standard-bearer, but never, since Reconstruction, has it followed a man who has not been jammed down the throats of the district leaders. It first gave its loyalty to Tilden, who had fought Tweed. Then it loved Cleveland "for the enemies he had made." Later it followed Bryan, who was anti-Tammany. It afterwards took to Woodrow Wilson, whom Charley Murphy bitterly opposed at the Baltimore Convention and whose support in the elections of 1916 was carefully inquired into by the President's confidential advisers. Since that date its heart has remained unpledged. But, as its outlook upon life is temperamentally different from that of New York, it is extremely difficult for it to accept a suitor who comes to it from that quarter, particularly at a time like this, when the Dayton, Tennessee, monkey law trial has made Modernism so distasteful to the Fundamentalists of the entire country.

New York is the center whence gibes are launched at those who fervently believe that the world was created B.C. 4004. The satirists of the metropolis have been brutal in their treatment of those millions of strict constructionists who are prepared to die for their convictions. The caustic pens that deride those who are satisfied that the whale swallowed Jonah have been as intolerant in their way as are the Fundamentalists in theirs. The result of all this has been that the New York Protestant support given Governor Smith is construed by hundreds of thousands of voters as implying the existence of an unholy alliance between so-called Bibleless Catholics and Bible-baiting Protestants. This is interpreted by orthodox believers as a challenge which the faith of their fathers compels them to accept.

The upshot is that at least three distinct fires are centered upon an untiring public servant not one of which has anything to do with his religion. But before the fight is over his faith will be brought into the thick of the fray. It is already within the range of sharpshooters. Religious controversies are like Kentucky mountain feuds. Any fool can start them, but the wisest of men cannot stop them. I visualize, surrounded by these somber hospital walls, a deadly combat fought around issues which have nothing to do with my Church, but the brunt of which will fall upon her. I can see two schoolboy bullies saying to one another: "Let's fight and make little Johnny stand the blows." It is cowardly for children to so comport themselves. It would be regrettable that ignorance of the facts should permit Governor Smith unwillingly to bring about such a result. Yet it is obvious, to my mind, that present conditions are such that Catholicism will be drawn into a controversy where it will not have a fair opportunity of presenting its case.

Politicians, and I am not referring to Alfred E. Smith, are seeking to capitalize a driving force which has nothing to do with things spiritual. They argue that this man, if nominated, can swing enough voting to carry the great pivotal States of the North and that the South will support him because he is the Democratic candidate. I concede, for the sake of argument, this proposition. As a Catholic, I reply that it will do my Church incalculable harm to have a Catholic thus forced upon Protestants. The institution which was created when the Saviour said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my Church; and behold I am with thee all days even until the consummation of the world," is not going to disappear to-morrow. Hurry is unknown to its vocabulary. Having eternity before it, patience is its watchword. It cannot expect permanently to implant itself in the souls of *pucka* Americans until love opens the portals. It is the harbinger of peace. It is the daughter of good will and the mother of charity. It is as necessary to the America of the future as present-day Protestant ill will is distressing to loyal Catholic men and women.

We have within our ranks 100 per cent Americans whose ancestors were Washington's soldiers and whose patriotism has stood the acid test. When the time comes for a Catholic to be the National standard-bearer of a great political party, the nominee can then be found whose origin is not associated with the immigrants of yesterday. It is not enough that our Catholic candidate be, like Alfred E. Smith, all wool and a yard wide. He should be one the early associations of whose four grandparents will have been such as to make him American-born within the sense that the Fathers of the Republic had in view. "East Side, West Side, all around the town," has produced and is producing magnificent men and women, but the country at large considers that it is justified in asking them to be a little patient. It required almost one hundred years and a great war, I repeat, to delete the adjective "white" from the Declaration of Independence. Events often move slowly. It may take a few more decades to eliminate the "Protestant clause" from the Constitution. At all events, precipitate action is detrimental to Catholicism, particularly when the outstanding Catholic statesman is objectionable to the stronghold of Democracy for certain clauses which have nothing to do with his religion.

I know that the point will be raised that twenty years ago somewhat similar arguments were used to keep Catholics out of the Governorship of great States like New York. My reply is that this may be so, but that approximately 66 per cent of the inhabitants of New York State are foreign-born in the sense that either they or one of their parents were born abroad. Some fifty per cent of the population is either Catholic or Jewish. There therefore are and were far different conditions obtaining in New York from those which to-day exist in the country as a whole and in the Anglo-Saxon South in particular. And besides, the Protestants of New York have, through their daily associations with Catholics, come to learn that the latter have not horns, but are law-abiding citizens who are seeking to do good. In the great Methodist and Baptist areas of the

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South propinquity does nothing to attenuate the force of preconceived opinions based upon atavism and not removed by contact. There is therefore no parallel between what has been accomplished in New York and elsewhere and the problem now presented. After all, normal development brought Catholics to the fore in those communities where Protestants were able to know them and to desire to appeal to them for co-operation. With the march of time the stigma of foreign origin will cease to apply to millions of Catholics who are now but a few years removed from the miseries of Europe. This will come about imperceptibly, spontaneously, and automatically. It is in the interests of Catholicism that this eventuality be awaited with patience, forbearance, and good will.

Why Our Forests Are Burning Up

II—The Forest Service Crippled by Its Overhead

By ARTHUR M. BAUM

IN the second of his articles criticising the Forest Service for its failure to protect our National Forests from burning up faster than they are being replaced Mr. Baum attacks the organization of the Service in no uncertain terms. It is his opinion, based upon actual service in the field over a period of fourteen years, that no effective work can be done in fighting fires until more emphasis is placed upon the ranger, both in recognition of his services and in supplying him with the personnel and equipment he needs, and less importance attached to an overgrown and inefficient overhead which supplies two men to boss every three men in the field.

ONE of the chief explanations which may be given of the glaring failure of the Forest Service to save our Forests from burning up faster than they grow may be found in the organization of the Service. It is the result of bureaucracy submerging the man on the field that the funds which are made available by Congress for fire fighting are not utilized to the best advantage, and that Congress has not been made to realize that at best these funds are inadequate.

In a word, the Forest Service of today is all superstructure.

As at present organized, the Service is a bureau directly responsible to the Secretary of Agriculture, with final authority within the Service vested in the Forester. His immediate assistants in the large Washington office are the Associate Forester and the Assistant Foresters, each of the latter in charge of a special branch dealing with such specialized activities as operation, grazing, lands, etc.

The Nation is then divided into eight districts, in charge of District Foresters, with Assistant District Foresters corresponding to those in Washington—and not in miniature when one considers their multitude of assistants and clerks. Each district is divided into Forests in charge of Forest supervisors. In the fire country the number of Forests to a district is slightly over twenty, and each of these Forests is in turn divided into ranger districts in direct charge of rangers. To these men is delegated supervision of the fire guards, trail improvement and other crews, and hourly paid fire-fighting crews called out in emergencies.

The percentage of productive workers is pitifully small and the percentage of "inspectors" and "specialists" tragically large. Nowhere is this more true than in District One, the region of worst fire hazard and loss, and the region that I know from long and intimate personal experience. There are twenty-four Forests in this district, nine of which are in grazing country, where fire risk is negligible, and fifteen where merchantable timber is concentrated and fire the important issue. These twenty-four Forests are manned by 163 rangers; and, on the fire Forests, each of them must protect territory which on the average totals 189,000 acres—nearly three hundred square miles. In addition to the rangers there are scalers and lumbermen in charge of large timber sales. Altogether, we have about 180 workers who are productive 100 per cent of the time. To direct this inadequate field force there are forty specialists and inspectors, and eighty additional men in the Forest supervisors' offices. In other words, *an overhead two-thirds as strong as the personnel it directs. Two men to boss every three.* What dividend-paying business would tolerate such a condition for an instant?

THE Service may be said to be proceeding on military theories of organization, which have their merits under some circumstances, but not when applied to a scattered organization doing its work under a thousand and one different sets of conditions. Methods have been standardized, but not through consultation and agreement with the men actually applying these methods. Instead, by edicts hastily formulated on the advice of inspectors who have studied the situation from the hurricane deck of an automobile and atop a saddle horse, or, even more likely, from the vantage-point of a comfortable chair in the supervisor's office amid the pleasant aroma of tobacco. Where standardization should result from careful study of successful practice, with the urge from below, in the Forest Service it has been handed down from above. Take my own experience. As nearly as I can recall, I have never been consulted on any detail of methods in fighting fires, although for seven years I have been in charge of some of the largest fire organizations in the Service and have gained my experience through an apprenticeship in learning the fire game as a ranger.

Authority in the Forest Service which should rest with and be exercised by the district office is delegated in vague terms to the supervisor—passing the buck; authority which should be given the supervisor is centralized in the district office. In the one case the supervisor is given vague and contradictory instructions for the use of the Fire Fund—that emergency blank check signed by Congress to cover up its insufficient appropriations—and whether he is too liberal or too conservative in his interpretation

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Acme

Over the top the fire-fighters advance.

The flames are sweeping the Big Tunfunga Canyon, east of Pasadena, California

of his powers, the district office stands to be exonerated. In the second case the supervisor must take up with the district office trivial matters of business which are in reality passed upon by some clerk speaking in the name of his chief.

PERHAPS the most farcical feature of the administration is the conferences held now and then which are attended by the Forester, the District Foresters, and a few of their immediate assistants. These meetings are devoted to discussions of administrative policy and theoretical organization instead of to the one real issue the Forest Service must face—fire protection. But even if more attention were given to this primary question, it would be of slight profit, for the simple fact is that the District Foresters know very little of the fire game. They are always on the sidelines, watching some one else handle the actual situation. In my district there are only two of the leading eight men in the district offices with any claim to fire efficiency; and those two are divorced from any direct contact with the formulation of protection appropriation estimates, their subsequent application, or with policies, personnel, or field direction.

A situation not at all dissimilar to this example of the wrong men coping with the fire problem is the assignment of men from the grazing Forests—areas largely without merchantable timber—to the areas suffering from heavy fires. Some of these men are competent through repeated experience and natural ability. Some are not. I was greeted last year with looks of blank amazement when I suggested that the supervisors to whom these men had been assigned should rate their efficiency instead of the district office, which had no means of observing their work. So history was repeated, and men were assigned to handle dangerous fires who should have been made timekeepers. One result of this ill-advised rating of the extra overhead was the refusal of laborers to accept employment in certain localities where the district office had put incompetent men in charge. The hourly rate of pay did not seem high enough to them to warrant risking their lives.

LAST summer I heard some Spokane fire-fighter laborers talking among themselves about their experiences on a Forest severely hit by both fires and district overhead. Their comment about sums up my own views:

"If the Forest Service could only keep those d——d district office men to home, it might have some luck in putting out the fires."

After years of observing the performance of this unwieldy overhead, I might ironically remark that I am not altogether surprised that it takes two of its members to tell three rangers what to do.

And it might be pertinent to point out that the overhead has a salary range from 20 to 200 per cent higher than the average for the rangers. Let me emphasize the inequity of this situation by repeating the qualifications of a successful ranger, necessarily derived from long experience.

Leaving out his administrative duties, which are not relevant to this discussion, although they are such that with any private concern he would receive a salary many times that he now receives, he is very literally "in charge" of three hundred square miles of wilderness. He must be able to ride or pack refractory mules and horses; to shoe and apply veterinary first aid; to be such an expert woodsman that he can direct his men across a jungle to catch a fire in its infant stage; to survey and map with more speed and accuracy than Washington

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ever knew; to construct presentable log cabins and frame buildings which will be comfortable under the worst weather conditions; to direct the construction of trails; to construct and maintain telephone lines; and to repair all his tools.

These are among his minor qualifications. Let us pass to those that really matter. The ranger must be able to assume personal leadership of as many as three hundred men under perilous and swiftly changing conditions that very closely approximate warfare. The mastery of fire-fighting tactics entails years of study and actual experience. He must be able to organize and keep going without fail a combination system of railroading, auto-trucking, and horse-packing which will assure him his supplies. And when he has no fires to occupy his attention he must have the personality to keep on its mettle a large organization of guards and improvement crews, so that when fire does come the men will be like athletes, of the highest morale and physical fitness.

THIS is the type of man who is submerged by the flood of overhead of which fifty per cent has openly demonstarted its almost amusing inability to perform the most elementary tasks of the field force which it is paid to direct. These "superiors" are made up of two types of men—old-timers who have attained their rank through seniority, who see conditions as they were fifteen or twenty years ago, and hold down their jobs on the prestige of long service alone; and totally inexperienced and theoretical young men who fail to recognize that common sense is the just requirement of the Service.

It is the men in the latter category who are most dangerous and who find themselves in the Service because of the policy that believes we should follow European methods of theoretical, exact, rule-of-thumb forestry. I see it differently. We have a Forest Service with the prestige of only twenty years; with conditions vastly different from those of Europe; with public indifference and merely toleration on the part of the Government; and, above all, with the single outstanding problem to face which Europe never had to face on the same scale—namely, that *no forestry practice can be of any value whatsoever unless we can first keep the forests from burning up.* This is a practical problem, not to be solved by technicians, but to be met with money, men, and common-sense business principles.

But the Forest Service is flooded with mere boys, without a pretense of competency except what they have learned in four years in a forestry school, who enter upon their professional career at high salaries, with magnified ideas of their own importance and with a feeling of patronage for the lowly ranger. *Think of it—youthful college graduates working for $180 a year more than the ranger gets!* This condition has been now reluctantly changed by the administration, and the green entrants are only on a *parity* with the experienced men! No sensible executive would hesitate for a moment between an educated and an uneducated man, other things being equal; but I maintain that the present system is altogether wrong. What is needed for saving our Forests is men with practical experience in fighting fires. Nor is the system fair on the college graduate, for it puts too heavy a burden on shoulders not yet firm enough to bear it. The Service will be the gainer if it acquires well-educated men of innate ability, but it must first subject them to a long and thorough seasoning process before inducting them into responsible positions.

Protests from the field are already making themselves effective on this point, but the process is slow.

ONE other element enters into the question of accounting for this overhead, and that is "politics." I doubt if the spoils system is as persistent of life in any branch of the Government which is controlled by the Civil Service rules as it is in the Forest Service. I do not mean the influence of outside pressure; I mean the feeling of the higher officers that they must surround themselves with subordinates of absolute personal loyalty, who are willing to sacrifice their opinions for steady jobs.

The wrongly induced influx of inexperienced college men who are not provided with any systematic novitiate, the poor handling of all the personnel, and the intrigue incident to all bureaucracies point to a continuation of the present intolerably poor control of the fire situation.

It is necessary that the rangers, first of all, be as flawless as humanly possible, but, above all, it is essential that supervisors, Assistant District Foresters, and District Foresters be better men as to experience and native ability than the rangers.

There is an old aphorism of card players: Never send a boy when you need a man. This axiom must be recognized by the Forest Service if the Nation is to be saved from the continuing loss of merchantable timber through forest fires.

"I Do Not Choose"

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE President's terse phrase, "I do not choose to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight," has sent the grammarians scurrying to their dictionaries as well as the politicians scurrying to their committee rooms. Many intelligent men thought they saw in Mr. Coolidge's dramatic sentence a shrewd and skillful scheme for both closing the door and leaving it open at the same time—a feat sure to be impossible in physics and likely to be unsuccessful in morals.

I do not wonder at the flutterings of the politicians, but the grammarians need not have been disturbed if they had stopped to think that Mr. Coolidge is a master of English and knows exactly how to speak his mind in the fewest possible words. A little investigation will show that he is given to using words of Saxon rather than Latin derivation. Those who recalled his inaugural address when he was installed as President of the Massachusetts Senate in 1914 were not surprised at the brevity of the statement which he handed to the newspaper correspondents at the summer White House in South Dakota on August 2—twelve words which have been the text of hundreds of thousands of words of comment, discussion, analysis, and interpretation. His Senatorial inaugural was almost as striking in its style. This is all he said to the assembled Senators, accustomed on such occasions to flowery orations:

Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever

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objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a standpatter, but don't be a standpatter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation.

It will be observed that this wise but laconic address is couched chiefly in monosyllabic Saxon words. There is no introduction, no ornamentation, no peroration. The force of such a style is manifest. But its very simplicity makes a certain type of mind suspect that it is complex. Thus it is with Mr. Coolidge's simple assertion, "I do not choose to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight." It is so obvious that it seems mysterious.

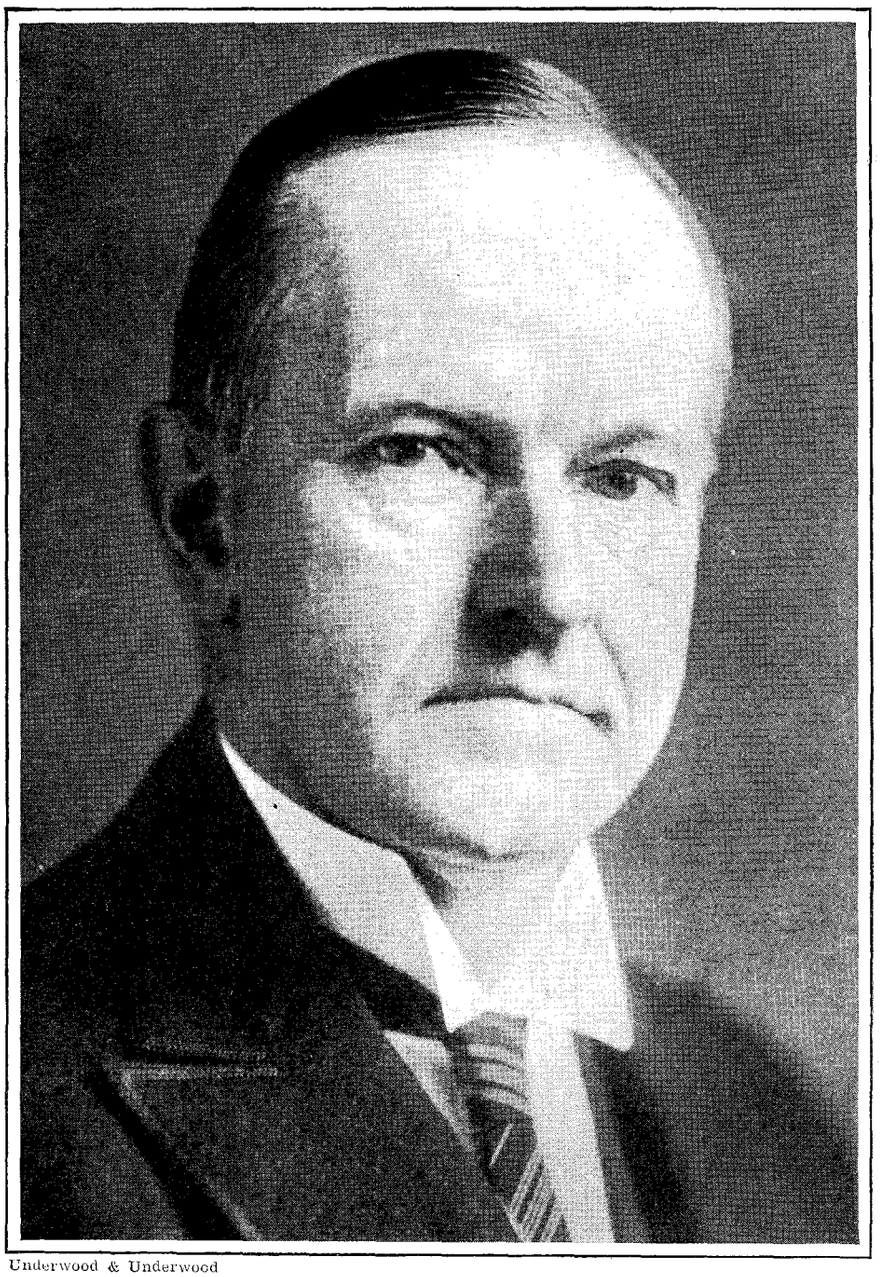
But if the politicians cannot fathom the mystery, the lexicographers can. The politicians seem to think that Mr. Coolidge meant to say, "I prefer not to be a Presidential candidate in nineteen twenty-eight." The lexicographers knew that the Saxon verb "choose" implies, not gentle inclination, but decisive action. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ceósan* and the Middle English *cheosan* or *chusen*. "Choose," says Professor Whitney, "always represents an act of the will." When it is used with the infinitive as an object, choose means "to prefer and decide." What Mr. Coolidge, therefore, really said in round Saxon English was, "I will not run for President," etc. Thus we see that a little knowledge of etymology and philology may be a very present help in a political crisis. I suggest that the Republican National Committee might very well create a new position on its staff—that of Etymological Secretary—and I nominate Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, for the office. In the present case he could have protected some of the Committeemen from much anguish of spirit and saved them at least two or three days of delay in grooming their new candidates. For he would have known at once that Mr. Coolidge was, and will continue to be, definitely out of the running.

The politicians—except those who have Presidential bees buzzing in their bonnets—may not be wholly grateful to Mr. Coolidge for his abrupt statement, but teachers, professors, and men of letters ought to be extremely grateful. For he has given a new zest to the study of English. Nobody but a New Englander could have done it so well, for the Yankees of New England still speak the Saxon English of the translators of the King James Bible. The Messrs. Fowler, authors of "The King's English"—a text-book which is almost as readable as a best-seller—begin their attack on slovenly syntax in these words:

> Any one who wishes to become a good writer should endeavor, before he allows himself to be tempted by the more showy qualities, to be direct, simple, brief, vigorous, and lucid.
>
> This general principle may be translated into practical rules in the domain of vocabulary as follows:
>
> Prefer the familiar word to the far-fetched.
>
> Prefer the concrete word to the abstract.
>
> Prefer the single word to the circumlocution.
>
> Prefer the short word to the long.
>
> Prefer the Saxon word to the Romance.

The Yankee has been doing this ever since the day when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. The result is that the native New Englander who has been unspoiled by a superficial urban culture is famous for his incisive speech.

During the Russo-Japanese War I was spending the summer on an island of Penobscot Bay, in the State of Maine. One summer afternoon I employed a ship carpenter from a neighboring island to come over and repair my landing-stage. While we were working together he plied me with questions about the causes and progress of the war. When I



Underwood & Underwood

President Coolidge

"I do not choose to run for the Presidency in nineteen twenty-eight. . . . This is not a one-man country"

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explained that it was not a racial conflict for white or yellow supremacy, but the inevitable attempt of the Japanese to break the geographical shackles that bound them, his comment was: "Wal, I guess it's a case of 'live dog eat hatchet'!" I had never heard the adage before; I have never been able to trace it since; but its meaning is clear. A dog about to be brained by an angry human may continue to live only if he succeeds in swallowing his enemy's weapon. How more succinctly could be expressed the contrast between the power and resources of Russia and the desperate plight of Japan?

Those who will take the trouble to read James Russell Lowell's introduction to the "Biglow Papers" of the Civil War period will find a remarkable tribute to the vigor and charm of Yankee diction. No American man of letters has ever equaled and no English-speaking man of letters has ever surpassed the combination of linguistic scholarship and literary taste which Lowell possessed and in his prose and poetry displayed. "In choosing the Yankee dialect," he says, "I did not act without forethought. It had long seemed to me that the great vice of American writing was a studied want of simplicity, that we were in danger of coming to look upon our mother-tongue as a dead language, . . . and yet all the while our popular idiom is racy with life and vigor and originality." Lowell found the Yankee dialect, or "lingo," as he preferred to call it, not only a perfect vehicle for the humor and satire of Hosea Biglow and Birdofredum Sawin, but capable of expressing very deep and affecting sentiment. Mistral never wrote in Provençal a tenderer poem than "The Courtin'."

. . . . . .

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin' "—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so and so
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* and say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
And on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister":
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Janooary.

. . . . . .

New England may be losing its cotto spindles to the South and its farm proc ucts to the West, but it has a qualit and character of thought and speec which can no more be taken from it tha its rocky hillsides. Mr. Coolidge's "I d not choose" will revive many homel and affectionate memories in the heart of Yankee sires and sons in all parts o the country; and the National stir whicl the phrase has made will incline him t agree with the opinion of Coleridge, tha "there are cases in which more knowl edge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the his tory of a campaign."

Labels

By PHILIP CHILD

THE theoretical division of human beings into the saved and the damned has for centuries been sufficiently well known by the public to provide a tolerable livelihood for the practice of speculative theology. Still, not until the era of the revival meetings was there a large enough number of people willing or able to suffer classification with the damned to make the problem of labeling an acute one. About the time, then, when revivals were inaugurated, and salvation by public avowal began to be the fashion, a certain spellbinder put the all-important question to an Anglican clergyman of the old school—the old lusty, trusty, honest, dignified, and conventional type of clergyman:

"Tell me, my friend, are you saved?"

"Sir," said the clergyman, drawing himself up with dignity, "I am a member of the Church of England."

The Church of England has always been one of the dignified amenities of the English squirearchy, and the honest clergyman rightly side-stepped the evangelist's classification, partly, no doubt, through the perfectly understandable arrogance of class, but mainly because he felt that neither of the alternative states offered (namely, of being saved or damned—such rigid alternatives!) quite fitted his spiritual condition.

Is there not a sort of universal and amiable egotism which makes us all believe that the rest of mankind is divisible into certain categories, but that we ourselves—by nature of that variety and that subtle elusiveness of our personalities of which we are well aware—quite defy classification? I for one am willing to confess that I have more than once had a fellow-feeling for that resolutely independent clergyman, especially when my friends—taking gross liberty with my many-sided personality—have labeled me with this or that *ism*. "You talk like a young radical," they say; or, "What! you don't believe in a second bottle? Why, you're as strait-laced as a Puritan." Strait-laced, indeed! I had as lief be called grim-corseted.

I ruefully submit that I have frequently had to choose between being saved (or damned) with the Fundamentalists or damned (or saved) with the Modernists. I have had thrust on me a Hobson's choice of expressing up-to-date enthusiasm for the latest pornographic novel, because it was "true to life," or—if I chose not to grovel before Ashtaroth—of being called Babbitt, Philistine, grape-juice moralist, or one of the similar cachets that have the approval of the *intelligentsia*. I have had many another unfair alternative thrust on me in the certain knowledge that if I plumped for the wrong side there was an unpleasant label waiting for me; and the whole time all I wanted was the right to express a private opinion, entirely local in its application, without being either damned or saved or otherwise pigeonholed in any way for it.

It is both the genius and the misfortune of the American people that they should wish to label almost every sort of tangible and intangible phenomenon in uncompromising black and white—by means of a law, or by a definitive document of some sort (a doctoral thesis, say), or, failing a document, by a classification. The belief is that you have only to define a thing in order to understand it clearly and thoroughly,

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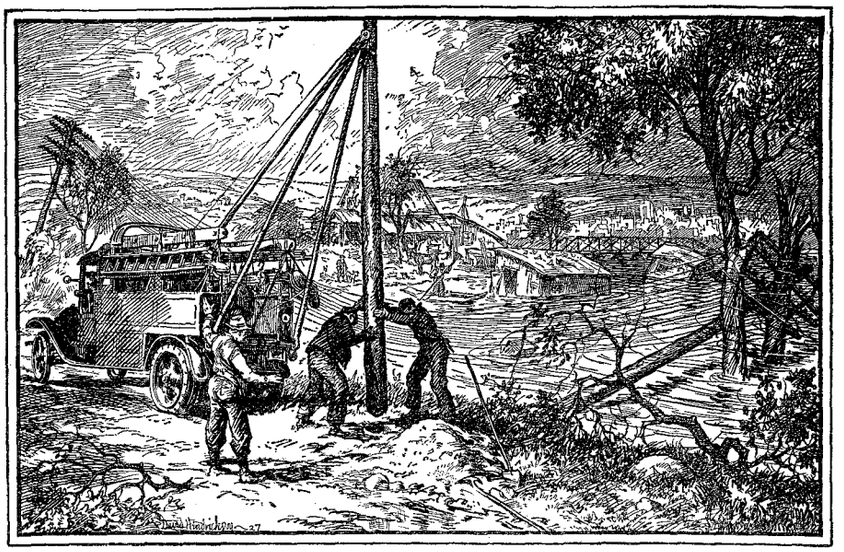
the terms of the definition being of minor importance as long as they are sufficiently picturesque to impress the public via the newspapers.

The appalling length to which labeling is carried was vividly revealed to me during a friendly chat I had recently with a doctor. I had spoken of a friend of mine who suffered periodical fits of depression, which he seemed unable to overcome. "I know all about him," said the doctor, "he's a cyclothymic," and he waved his hand as if that settled the matter. That doctor classified his patients according to their glandular reactions; if he had been a psychologist, I suppose he would have docketed them according to their intelligence quotients; if an ethnologist, according to whether they were brachy- or dolicho-cephalic; and if a clergyman, according to whether they were Fundamentalists or Modernists.

Do what we will, people will file us and pigeonhole and docket and stick pins through us and place us in drawers according to the genus of bug they think we are. Take the term "Puritan." Since Mr. Mencken became entangled in the public ear it has been considered something of an insult to be called "Puritan." And the worst of it is that this man of straw erected and dubbed "Puritan" has very little in common with the early New Englanders. The use of the term is a libel on people who, whatever their faults may have been, were manly men and womanly women and who certainly enjoyed life. I venture to believe that the so-called "Puritan tradition" which is supposed to be at the root of our "repressions" (another label) is largely an invention also. I am certain that the average Puritan was both free and able to quaff an amount of hard liquor that would seriously embarrass most of our smart intellectuals. Yet Puritanism will retain its position as the popular cocoanut shy of the moment, thanks to another *ism*—psychoanalysis. Let me put this distinction between Freudian "freedom" and Puritanism in the terms in which it is understood by the *intelligentsia:* There are two alternatives—you may express your suppressed desires, in which case you are liberal, scientific, up to date, in a word, a believer in psychoanalysis; or you may repress them, and live a drab life, have frightful and filthy dreams, and be, in a word, a Puritan. The fact that the Puritans certainly recognized the alternatives as clearly as any one is deemed of no importance. In point of fact, though the Puritans saw the alternatives, they labeled them more simply, more accurately, and more comprehensively



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The Editors of
THE OUTLOOK
120 East 16th St. New York City

"good" and "evil" conduct. Instead of "expressing" or "repressing," they did "ill" or "well," according to their several natures—and there really were several sorts of Puritans.

THERE is a popular song which runs: "Some little bug will get you some day." If the prohibition bugs fail to call you a "wet," the wets will pigeonhole you as a "Puritan." And, since a man can in no wise escape being classified, I prefer to classify myself. I shall call myself an anti-labelist, and this shall be my creed:

I shall abhor all 'isms, 'ologies, shibboleths, and loose generalities. I shall detest alike Shavian *ipse dixits*, Fundamentalist say-so's, and the "take-it-from-me-bo's" of the man in the street. I shall be the dupe of no demagogue and the pet partisan of no sect. I shall be neither Freudian, Fundamentalist, Bolshevist, he-man, cake-eater, nor American-Mercuric. Accepting labels from none, I shall build my own fence and persist in sitting on it. Therefore I shall be called a trimmer, an apostate, and a weathercock. I shall be petted by none and stabbed by all. Being stabbed, I shall die, like Mercutio, asserting with my last breath my distinct and unclassified human individuality; I shall say: "A plague o' both your houses."

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

A Devilish Good Woman[1]

A Review by R. D. TOWNSEND

EMMA DOWNES (Mr. Bromfield's Good Woman) *knows* that she is a good woman; therefore those who do not conform to her mean and shallow little standards as to religion, social conduct, and propriety are malignant sinners. Her goodness does not prevent her from lying—in fact, she is a master hand at falsification when the sanctity and perfection of her family rule are in danger. Her easy-going, hard-drinking husband disappears when he cannot longer stand her goodness, so she creates a romantic legend of his being lost in the wilds of China, and has a little trouble in explaining him when he reappears from Australia, where he has formed a morganatic alliance and has a husky brood of children. Her own boy, Philip, under the glamour of her smooth fluency becomes a missionary to Africa, only to emerge with faith quite shattered, distaste for the wife Emma has foisted on him, and a wild, mystic longing for art and the jungle. Emma keeps his strange rebellion a secret as long as her lies will hold water. She tries to mold every one's character, with slight success. She is always right in her own conceit, but she works havoc in the lives of others. Her executive ability is the bane of the community, but few find out that she is a hollow shell of conceit and ignorance. She reminds the reader in a coarse way of Mrs. Wharton's efficient, weak-brained lady in "Twilight Sleep." These exemplary, ever-busy "good" women of the brainless but cock-sure variety do endless harm in the world.

The satirical intent of Mr. Bromfield's novel is clear, but its real hold on the reader is due to his skill in making the sufferings of the revolters against Emma's reign so poignant that one suffers and struggles with them. He is one of the small number of American novelists who keep creative instinct free from being clogged by the general purpose or theme of the story. There are half a dozen people here who are throbbing with life and whose troubles one follows with constant intentness. Even a humorous element is found in that graceless and shameless husband, who liked Emma well enough to return from Australia to see how she was getting on (incidentally spoiling an ambitious marriage for her), but knew better than to stay long within reach of her complacent mastery. Perhaps we cannot hold Emma solely responsible for the tragedies of the book, but it was her indomitable will that every one should help make her prominent in the town's activities—Sunday school, church, woman's club, and the like—that set the causes of the tragedies in motion.

Altogether the novel is a carefully thought-out, attention-holding piece of literary work. It confirms the impression formed from its predecessors, that Mr. Bromfield is to be accepted as an

[1] A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

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observer of human nature and a faithful depicter of social and personal struggles toward life and liberty.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Bromfield's "Possession" appeared he indicated that the story, together with the previously published "The Green Bay Tree" and other novels he had in view, were to be like panels in a screen "all interrelated and each giving a certain phase of the ungainly, swarming, glittering spectacle of American Life." This is the fourth panel. Whether more are to follow we do not know—the plan is of course indefinitely expansible. It may be noted, however, that the connection between the novels is only in the slightest degree structural; one can read the four in any order without the least confusion or hindrance. A very few characters appear more than once, but usually the second or third appearances are of a background type.

What, then, is the general theme? It might possibly be a question of discussion if the publishers had not now given the clue in the group title, "The Escape"—thus, in "The Green Bay Tree" Lily and Irene Shane rebel against restraint, the one by becoming frankly but elegantly immoral, the other by refuge in the Church and humanitarianism; in "Possession" Ella Tolliver escapes from the social aridity of mill-town life in the development of her musical career; in "Early Autumn" (the Pulitzer Prize book) Olivia Pentland beats against the bars of clammy, family exclusiveness; in "A Good Woman" not only Philip but his wife, Naomi, who wakes from all but incredible narrowness to passion and tragedy, revolt against the bondage of their Emma-imposed lives. Some of these revolters gain something, some meet full disaster, but all suffer loss of the fullness of what life should have been.

In general it may be said that it is not the interrelation of theme, but the invention, dramatic suspense, and strong character creation, that makes these novels powerful.

Fiction

GERFALCON. By Leslie Barringer. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

A mediæval romance somewhat overladen with the high-flown talk knights and ladies are supposed to have used in olden days, but well supplied with deeds of chivalry, trials of arms, sieges, an extra-wicked robber baron, and true love rewarded. It may prove a relief to those weary of ultra-modernity.

CONGAREE SKETCHES. By E. C. L. Adams. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C. $2.

These tales of Negro life and talk are restricted locally only to "heaven, hell, and the Congaree swamps in South Carolina." They have more than a folk-lore and dialect interest; they get at the flavor of the colored man's humor and the way he looks at his own faults, struggles, and ambitions.

THE MOB. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

If the translation were smoother and smacked less of Spanish idiom, the American reader might take more interest than he is likely to do in the adventures of the newspaper hanger-on who sees the sordid side of Madrid life—squalor, poverty, sensuality, petty politics—pass by him in a weird panorama. The story has romance and realism, but it is straggling in construction and will not be classed with the author's best novels.

TERROR KEEP. By Edgar Wallace. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

The arch-criminal in this super-thriller is crazy, but all the more efficient as a crook. A mild but deep Scotland Yard man follows this lunatic's subtle and murderous plots by reasoning out how his insane genius would work, and by a very narrow margin thereby saves the heroine (beloved by the detective), but only after a series of exciting dangers in dungeons and caves, and with horrors aplenty.

Aviation

"WE." By Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The saga of the world-famous airman is swiftly told. It covers but five years of fresh youth that began adventuring in 1922, when he took up flying as an avocation. The story is bird-like in its breeziness and details the care-free life of an aviator, the first requisite of whose composition would appear to be absence of worry. The greater part of the book is devoted to personal experiences previous to the Paris flight, told with simple directness. Besides this the author sets down some sage opinions on aviation; for example: "Trans-Atlantic service is still in the future. Extensive research and careful study will be required before any regular schedule can be maintained. Multimotored boats with stations along the route will eventually make Trans-oceanic air-lines practical but their development must be based on a solid foundation of experience and equipment."

Ambassador Herrick furnishes a foreword for the volume. "I felt without knowing why," he observes, that Lindbergh's arrival "was far more than a fine deed well accomplished, and there glowed within me the prescience of splendor yet to come. Lo! it did come and has gone on spreading its beneficence upon two sister nations which a now conquered ocean joins."

History

A POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Frederick C. Dietz, Associate Professor of History in the University of Illinois. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

Arranged for the use of students, this volume will be found interesting and instructive by the general reader. Professor Dietz has studied English history to good purpose. It is refreshing to get hold of a book that deals with a great nation's advance in such clear and forceful fashion.

THE FAMINE IN SOVIET RUSSIA, 1919-1923. The Operations of the American Relief Administration. By H. H. Fisher. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

This record of American efficiency and charitable effort is a worthy chronicle of a great act of philanthropy. The chief interest in the volume lies in the chapter on the causes of the famine. Primarily, it began with the Soviet prohibition of free

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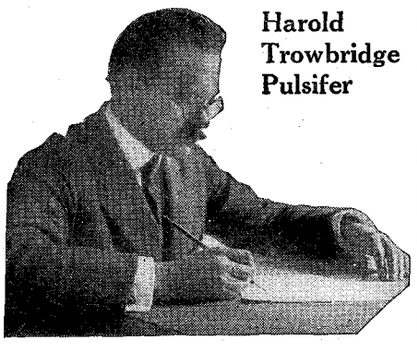

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trade in food and the establishment of what was really military Communism in an attempt to enforce the unenforceable. Out of this it was easy to produce civil strife and banditry. Add to this the breaking down of transport, and we have the terrible results well accounted for.

Journalism

EDITORIAL SILENCE: The Third Era in Journalism. By Dr. Robert T. Morris. The Stratford Company, Boston. $2.50.

The distinguished New York surgeon who writes this book must have had a lot of fun in freeing his mind about all sorts of things besides the editors. He is pretty correct in his criticism of up-to-date journalism, but expects too much when he suggests the topical treatment of nut raising and the protection of swamp life instead of the sensations of the day. Dr. Morris makes nut raising a specialty on his plantation in Connecticut, so much so that unkind editors may retort by calling him a "nut"—which he is not.

Essays

DRIFTWOOD. By Walter G. Shotwell. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.50.

These are leisurely biographical or historical sketches, evidently the work of a writer of culture who has had a special interest in certain American people and places such as Logan (the Indian, not the General), Zoar (home of the early Separatists), Secretary Stanton (Mr. Shotwell has written books about Sumner and the Civil War), and "Old Gnadenhutten" (of Moravian memory). A set essay on William Hazlitt seems oddly placed in this company.

LAUGHING TRUTHS. By Carl Spitteler. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

There has been hitherto but one translation into English of anything from the pen of Carl Spitteler, poet and essayist, the most distinguished of modern Swiss writers and winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1919. His name is practically unknown in America. The present volume should be welcomed, although frankly, despite its many excellences, we found it a little disappointing. The enticing title, "Laughing Truths," suggests wit, humor, a light and delicate touch, rather than the volume of serious criticism of life, literature, and music which we found ourselves reading, illumined though it often is by flashes of brilliance, and conceived generally in a mood humorously cynical, though neither consistently nor always obviously so. It is solider fare than we had our mouth made up for, and when one is expecting a peach one is less likely to appreciate a pippin. But the pippin, at times, certainly is a pippin; and we cannot commend too heartily the clarity, the uncommon common sense, and the admirable presentation of the author's point of view in the opening essay, which remained our favorite—"Art—Bond and Free." It is a joy to hear a man who was himself so deeply and appreciatively devoted to the arts of literature and music deprecate enforced culture and insist that "the ennobling and educative power of art rests not on knowing but on enjoying," and furthermore that "in normal persons the craving for art has its pauses; it is periodic; an everlasting wolfish hunger for art is in itself a sign of a morbid condition, where the diagnosis indicates pseudo-culture." Dutiful but unenthusiastic members of classes and attendants at lectures may well sit up and take notice.

Biography

CARLYLE AT HIS ZENITH (1848-53). By David Alex Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

This is the fourth volume of studies by the author covering the career of Thomas Carlyle, two of which are still to come. It is an engaging essay, Boswellian in its character, but gleaned from the observations of others and spiced with brisk comment. Thus we get rather more of contemporaneousness than of Carlyle, but the result is illuminating and entertaining. The chapters are short and episodic.

Even at his zenith Carlyle had begun to show the irritating effects of indigestion. The wonder is that the man kept any friends. He sneered at Ralph Waldo Emerson, while he regarded Herbert Spencer "an immeasurable ass." Spencer, on the other hand, found it "useless to reason with him" and set himself down as not caring for frequent contacts. However, Carlyle could now and then say a good word grudgingly. Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam") he held to be "a very clever fellow. I do not hate him near as much as I fear I ought to do." Moreover, he loved Leigh Hunt. Wellington was "truly a beautiful old man." Mazzini when first met was thought "the most beautiful creature I have ever seen, but entirely impractical." Tennyson he called "the best man in England to smoke a pipe with," but deprecated his writing poetry or "cobbling his odes," as he put it. Tennyson also had the merit of being "an intelligent listener." Milne's life of Keats he described as "desiccated dead dog." Yet Milnes was a particular friend. Somehow one feels that acquaintance with Carlyle should be confined to his printed work.

Sociology

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. By Charles A. Ellwood, Clark Wissler, Robert H. Gault, John M. Clark, Charles E. Merriam, Harry E. Barnes and Carl O. Sauer. Edited by Edward Cary Hayes. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.50.

The recent achievements and the pronounced tendencies in sociology, anthropology, psychology, cultural geography, economics, political science, and history are here summed up by a group of writers each eminent in his own domain. A foreword by the editor affirms the modern realization that "social science is not many but one," and also the modern understanding of the injunction to "see life steadily and see it whole." It also affirms, less happily, that "the state no longer is a Frankenstein," when what is obviously meant is not the hero of Mrs. Shelley's book but the monster he created. Each of the sciences is treated from the standpoint of its interrelation with the others. The book is essentially one for the "average reader." From many studies which only the exceptional individual could possibly find time to read the essence has been extracted and presented in understandable terms. It is a small library in itself, most creditably compacted.

Children's Books

A MERRY-GO-ROUND OF MODERN TALES. By Caroline D. Emerson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Our youngest assistant reviewer, going on six, says this is a good book, and we think so too. In the old folk stories things no less than creatures were often personified—kettles, windmills, churns, and such accompaniments of a simpler civilization. Miss Emerson in this attractive book of short stories has successfully employed and personified some of the familiar machinery and implements of our more complex existence, such, for instance, as the Timid Tank, whose reckless driver kept him so sadly worried; the Temperamental Typewriter, which insisted on typing in full the story of why and how that classic "quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog;" the strong Derrick that was jealous of the Elephant until it picked him up;

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and the generous Merry-Go-Round that wouldn't stop until it had given the little Griggses an extra ride.

SARAH'S DAKIN. By Mabel L. Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Miss Robinson's wholesome and enjoyable story, "Sarah's Dakin," is of a delightful little girl who is good and cheerful, but no Pollyanna; of her equally delightful collie, Dakin; and of her father, who is just as delightful as either. Dakin's adventure with the seals is, we believe, something new in this day of dog stories and dog study that leaves no doggish possibilities unexplored. The title is the only defect of the book; it is neither attractive nor enlightening, and one would naturally suppose a dakin to be an object rather than an animal—something designed for uninteresting domestic uses, like a firkin or a pipkin.

Science

THE LOGIC OF MODERN PHYSICS. By P. W. Bridgman, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural History in Harvard University. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Professor Bridgman accords to Einstein the credit of having permanently changed the classic concepts of physics, as no longer adequate in the light of his general theories of relativity. His own views are broad and distinctive.

Religion

THE EVOLUTION OF ETHICS AS REVEALED IN THE GREAT RELIGIONS. Edited by E. Hershey Sneath. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $4.

Extremely able and comprehensive studies written by specialists. Here we get a concrete view of religious framework in all its forms. Professor Sneath concludes the volume with an essay on the moral values of religion.

Travel

AN ASIAN ARCADY: The Land and Peoples of Northern Siam. By Reginald Le May. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

Mr. Le May, who is an acting adviser to the Siamese Government in its Department of Commerce and Communications, writes with deep appreciation concerning a land of interesting things and a pleasant people. He takes his readers into a little-known region, now made accessible by rail. It abounds in fine scenery and great natural wealth. The tiger and rhinoceros still live in the backwoods and great teak forests hold vast wealth in timber. There are glimpses of Siamese art and architecture, both original in their way. Siam is a very real country, well ruled and progressive. The illustrations in the book are excellent.

ITALY OF THE ITALIANS. By E. R. P. Vincent. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. With Illustrations in Color by Innes Meo. $5.

Here is excellent description of the Italy of the Italians (not of the tourists), judiciously mingled with historical, legendary, art, and literary references. It is a good book for those who want to know Italy—not merely to see it. It avoids guide-book methods, but is an admirable supplement to the merely informative volumes. It also avoids discussion of Mussolini—not, the author says, for reasons either of admiration or hostility of Fascism, but because it is an external force, while the book is dealing with the fundamental Italy.

PRIMITIVE HEARTHS IN THE PYRENEES. By Ruth Otis Sawtell and Ida Treat. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

This story of a summer's exploration in the haunts of prehistoric man appeals primarily but by no means exclusively to those who are interested in tracing our earliest human ancestry and its records in the old stone age. It is written with ease, spirit, and a good sense of character and picturesque values. While the search and the discoveries of the authors and their companions will readily interest an intelligent reader in their direct object, the description of the Pyrenees along the French-Spanish frontier, and especially of the tiny village of Montardit, perched on its lofty peak, make the volume also an interesting travel book of an unusual kind. There is fascination in the very name of the Tuto Biouleto——the Violet Hole—that great double-arched cavern, or Hole, of violet shadows, in the depths of which they, and others before them, have searched with success, in the name of science. Yet many mysterious galleries and ramifications of it remain unexplored, holding who knows what secrets of the prehistoric past.

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Politics and Government

BUILDING INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL. By Various Writers. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Protagonists of world peace furnish the contents of this volume, for which Mr. Fred B. Smith provides a foreword on behalf of the world alliance for International Friendship through the Churches. Jane Addams, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, James T. Shotwell, and Archbishop Keane are the more notable contributors.

Miscellaneous

TREASURES OF A HUNDRED COOKS. A Collection of Distinctive Recipes for Lovers of Good Food. By Mary Allen Hulbert. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Cook-books are always fascinating. This new one covers the field of food from soup to sandwiches and is modern in all particulars—even prescribing the rules for fabricating chicken chow mein—but provides knowledge for the making of only ten kinds of pie.

Books Received

THE WOMAN ON THE BALCONY. By Rose Caylor. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

MOTHER AND SON. By Romain Rolland. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.50.

THE RED ROAD. By Hugh Pendexter. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

RED LOVE. By Alexandra Kollontay. The Seven Arts Publishing Company, New York. $2.50.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM. By Vera Wheatley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

THE LAUGHINGEST LADY. By Elinore Cowan Stone. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Contributors' Gallery

ARTHUR M. BAUM contributes in this issue the second of his series on the Forest Service, which began in last week's Outlook. Fourteen years' experience, in which he advanced from guard to ranger, deputy supervisor, and finally Forest supervisor, and during which he served in the Forests of several Western States, have given him the background for the statements which he makes. As we stated, he resigned from the Forest Service last December.

JUDGE PIERRE CRABITÉS is a native of New Orleans, a true Southerner by birth and by tradition. He is now living rather far from his native land, in Cairo, Egypt, where he is a member of the Mixed Tribunal, representing the United States in international legal difficulties.

PHILIP CHILD sent his essay "Labels" to us from Muskoka, Ontario.

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Real Estate

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$5 Down, $5 Monthly Five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100. Hunting, fishing, trapping. Homer Hubbard, 1973 N. Fifth, Kansas City, Kans.

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For Sale, in Southern New Hampshire
One and half story house and barn, built 1840, on village green; partially furnished; open fireplace, furnace, pump in kitchen; old-fashioned flower garden. ½ acre land, also 40-acre wood lot; all for $3,500. 8,539, Outlook.

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ARLINGTON, VT. Eight-room house for sale: has furnace, spring water, shade trees, garden and garage building. F. S. BUCK, Wall St., Springfield, Vt.

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POSITION open in September for assistant herdswoman on dairy farm. Pure bred Jerseys. Other women employed. Good living conditions. Previous training less important than interest in permanent agricultural position. Airlie Farm, Bedford, N. Y.

WANTED—Woman with successful executive experience, as business manager, to supervise household management, buildings, grounds, and expenditures of girls' boarding school in New England; duties to begin preferably early September. Write fully, stating training, experience, salary required, and when available. 7,962, Outlook.

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HELP WANTED

HOUSEMOTHER for young boys in residential school in New York City, beginning September. Opportunity for cultured woman to render service with salary a secondary consideration. Conditions ideal. Applicant state qualification, including education, in first letter. Previous similar experience not essential. 7,961, Outlook.

WANTED, by widow living alone, working housekeeper. Must be well and able to cook. One other helper kept. Would not object to her having some nursing experience. Am seeking woman of refinement between 35 and 45 years of age, one willing to travel or stay, who desires permanent home and can give loyalty and interest. 7,968, Outlook.

WANTED—Nursery governess to care for four children under nine in Cincinnati. Wish to fill position by August 15, by refined and educated woman. Address Mrs. Frederick V. Geier, Bay Head, N. J.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COLLEGE woman, commercial teacher or home position. References. 7,937, Outlook.

ENGLISHMAN, college education, sportsman, physical culturist, dietitian, desires position traveling companion to gentleman. References exchanged. 7,967, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE housekeeper, manager, hostess. Woman exceptionally qualified, able, efficient, experienced in all details of home-making and upkeep, desires position, club or institution, catering to discriminating people, where interest and efficiency of the highest order will be appreciated. Manage any number of servants. 7,960, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher, widow, position in private school, or tutoring for one or more families. Grades 3-8. Special work in English and history. 7,959, Outlook.

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GOVERNESS, companion, teacher. Permanent position wanted by French-Swiss teacher; experienced. Moderate salary. References. 7,876, Outlook.

REFINED American woman, experienced housekeeper, wishes position. Would manage household in motherless home. References. 7,964, Outlook.

SOUTHERN girl, A.B., several years' experience, wishes position as companion or governess. Refined, cultured. 7,965, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

OLD ENGLISH HOLLYHOCKS from a New England garden. 10c. and 25c. a package. D. E. Poulsen, Lyme, Conn.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LONELY person of refinement, fond of housekeeping, can have pleasant home with teacher in return for care of first floor, including cooking. 7,958, Outlook.

CORRESPONDENCE lessons in English. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

TEACHER of experience, very fond of children, and accustomed to their care and training, will take into her pleasant suburban home a normal child of any age. Terms sixty dollars per month. 7,957, Outlook.

By the Way

A lot of these awfully busy people are only nervous.

There should be a great revival in Sunday-school work in North Carolina. According to William Allen White, certain school boards in that State are offering contracts to young and winsome teachers which contain this sentence:

"I promise not to go with any young man except in so far as it is to stimulate Sunday-school work."

"My papa's a bookkeeper," said little Albert, proudly.

"Yes, I know it," rejoined small Dorothy, whose father was a minister. "He borrowed a book from my papa six months ago and hasn't returned it."

About one person in every one hundred in this country is a Smith. The last Census found 1,304,300 Smiths in the United States. In other words, there are enough Smiths in the Nation to replace the entire population of any one of these States: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, and eight less populous Western States. The renowned Smiths occupy seventeen pages in "Who's Who in America."

A new-style lullaby is printed in the Boston "Transcript:"

Hush-a-by, baby, pretty one, sleep,
Daddy's gone golfing to win the club sweep.
If he plays nicely—I hope that he will—
Mother will show him her dressmaker's bill.

Hush-a-by, baby, safe in your cot,
Daddy's come home and his temper is hot;
Cuddle down closer, baby of mine,
Daddy went round in a hundred and nine.

From the "Christian Advocate:"

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the lady from the country to the bell-boy. "I ain't goin' to pay my good money for such a small room. You think just because I'm from a small town"—

The boy interrupted: "Step in, madam. This ain't your room. This is the elevator."

A new breed of collectors has appeared on the scene who have been grouped by an enterprising dealer as "Foliophiles." By this is meant persons who, lacking the price of a rare volume, are content with but a single leaf from one. To appease this appetite book-shredding must result. A new catalogue reveals a rather inexpensive way of possessing samples culled from rarities. A leaf of the first King James Bible can be secured for $2. One from the 1529 edition of Dante costs but $1.50. Luther's Wittenberg Bible, 1584, $2. Pages from the fourth Shakespeare folios range in value from $3 to $7.50 each.

The Census Bureau of the United States Government has compiled these figures to show the number of customers patronizing the average retail establishment: Grocers, 449; butchers, 880; drug-stores, 1,341; dry-goods stores, 1,682; men's clothing, 1,682; hardware stores, 2,615; furniture stores, 4,132.

From "Life:"

The poet: "My love for you, dear, is as enduring as the stars, as infinite as night, as"—

She: "Oh, quit talking shop, Harry, and get down to cases."

This seems a new contribution to an old form of international pleasantry:

In Germany everything is forbidden that is not permitted.

In England everything is permitted that is not forbidden.

In Austria everything is permitted that is forbidden.

From the "Progressive Grocer:"

"If hens weren't intelligent," said Mrs. Newlywed, "how could they lay eggs that exactly fit our egg-cups?"

H. W. Deans, of San Francisco, who has spent several years in Japan, writes of his interest in the Japanese traffic rules recently printed in these columns, and incloses a translation of some of the rules printed on the back of his Japanese license card:

ART. 22. Conductors and Drivers must observe the regulation as follows:

On passenger car it is prohibited to be exceed the full strength of staff to take car.

REMARKS: Less than 4 years of age is out of full personnel and 1 of each over 5 years to less 12 years age is considered a person.

It is prohibited to lend license to other persons.

It is prohibited to drive when he drunk.

In the night it must put light to keep candles which rules in the regulations.

It is prohibited to go parallel with other car.

When the car goes forward connecting with other cars it must keep distance for 10 ken.

It must always bell and go slowly when the car is going on cross-roads, bridge, slopes, muddy places and also across railway or street car roads.

It must always keep road into left side except when the car meet with troops must pass right side.

When it is trying to outstrip the other car it must bell and go right side of the former car.

When close by horse car it must take care that do not astonish a horse.

When it meet with other automobile it must less candles for his convenience of motion.

Anxious mother: "And is my boy really trying?"

Tired teacher: "Very."

Orator: "And what do we do? We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves but sackcloth and ashes in our empty hands."

From the Allston "Recorder:"

Joe: "There's one job I wish the marines would do for me while they are in China."

Moe: "What is that?"

Joe: "I wish they would go across country and see if there are any flying fishes on the road to Mandalay, and also if it is across the bay from China. I want this Kipling thing settled for good."

"Hold 'Em" Joe Powers, who broke into the headlines with his sixteen-day squat atop a Chicago flagpole, is hard put in the invention of new worlds to conquer. He now announces: "I will sit on one of Chicago's highest flagpoles thirty days, leave by balloon, jump from balloon by parachute, release from 'chute at 300-foot height and dive into Lake Michigan."

The New York "World's" London bureau lists the names of some of the unusual professions listed in Kelly's Post Office London Directory:

Anatomists' osteologists.
Annato manufacturers.
Bactopeptone manufacturers.
Brewery amalgamators.
Coal dust grinders.
Dandy roll makers.
Dust layers.
Milk guard manufacturers.

There are, according to Kelly's, two buhl cutters in London, and it is comforting to know that there is one maker of diethyl-barbituric acid. Armorers and braziers, bowyers, borderers, fletchers, girdlers, horners, loriners, skinners and upholders still sustain the dignity of city "livery" companies, if not regularly practicing the more ancient form of their ancient trades.

Little girl: "I want a package of pink dye."

Storekeeper: "For woolen or cotton goods?"

Little girl: "I want it for my mamma. She has stomach trouble and the doctor says she has to diet, and mamma wants a pretty color."

A sentence taken from a serial story in the Cincinnati "Enquirer" reads: "Herod had such word," said Jared, "and sent forth men to slap the babes in Bethlehem."

Can you make a "square word" from the following? That is, words which form a square and read alike vertically as well as horizontally. Answer next week.

A useful part of a monkey.
A measure.
The rainbow.
Smaller.

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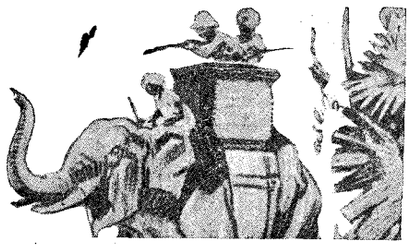

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A horny-handed and sin-seared skipper, a lawless soldier with a light-o'-love in every port, a cattle keeper on shipboard, an engineer amidst his oily engines, are put before us in Kipling's stories and poems—says the editor of The Warner Library—so that we recognize them as lovable fellow-creatures responsive to the thousandfold thrill of life.

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"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

Give yourself 5 points for each question correctly answered. One hundred points is a perfect score. You can find the correct solution on the pages cited.

1. To what member of the Cabinet is the Forest Service directly responsible? (P. 508.)
2. What is the highest peak in the United States that can be reached by railroad? (Inside back cover.)
3. Of what State was Lowden formerly Governor? (P. 497.)
4. What bridge was just dedicated at Buffalo? (P. 497.)
5. On what lake is the Plattsburg Training Camp? (P. 498.)
6. What office did Leonard Wood hold at the time of his death? (P. 499.)
7. Of what organization is William Green head? (P. 500.)
8. Who was Captain James Cook? (P. 494.)
9. Of what country was Liliuokalani once Queen? (P. 494.)
10. Who was John Dillon? (P. 494.)
11. At what university is William Lyon Phelps a professor? (P. 511.)
12. Who wrote the "Biglow Papers"? (P. 512.)
13. In what State is Penobscot Bay? (P. 511.)
14. Who is National Commander of the American Legion? (P. 495.)
15. Who is the Governor of Maine? (P. 503.)
16. What Catholic Cardinal resides in New York City? (P. 505.)
17. To what British lord does Maryland owe its doctrine of religious freedom? (P. 504.)
18. Who said "Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation"? (P. 511.)
19. Who is Mustapha Kemal? (P. 494.)
20. What nation bestows the Order of the Rising Sun? (P. 499.)

Free for All

What Marx Really Accomplished

I was much pleased with your article on Marxism by Mr. Vandervelde, feeling that every one should be informed upon old and new Socialism. However, I wish that the author had not merely stressed the principle of class struggle and said nothing about the principle of surplus value. If the proletariat could not secure the wealth going to the rich, there would be no betterment for them. Moreover, I think that Socialists in our time have placed much importance upon this principle. I think their view is all wrong, but it has been a beacon light to them all these weary decades.

However, there is more than merely hope in Marx's theories. To-day the germ of surplus value survives, in that working people everywhere are buying stocks with their savings, and so in a real way (though far different from that of Marx) are getting the long-desired surplus value (their share of the return of capital), now rightly won. I believe a certain American Thomas N. Carver has written a book on the subject. I liked also your own editorial upon Mr. Vandervelde's paper. Doubtless you are familiar with Spargo's "Socialism," with its sympathetic portrait of Marx toiling in dire poverty for his beloved masses and giving to the workers his beacon light of hope. Even if later times and leaders have builded differently upon the foundation of Marx, or even if he did not build but merely lighted a great hope which was to be fulfilled, then he is deserving of the high respect and honor due all those who labor honorably for the lessening of the burdens of the poor and needy.

H. M. Allen.

Auburn, New York.

Ford's Retraction

Let me enthusiastically applaud your editorial in The Outlook for July 20 regarding the Ford withdrawal. It needed some one to say something along the line that you selected. Most of the editorial comments that I have seen have been rather perfunctory. H. F. Sherwood.

Fall River, Massachusetts.

Journeys in Moonshine Land

The article "What Prohibition Has Done for the Mountaineers," in the July 20 issue, seems to me to have the bias of a man of old experiences. At heart he is still in sympathy with the old moonshiner. At heart, he is still a moonshiner. He has turned over his father's still to a cousin who really continues his work as a lawbreaker.

I lived in the mountains of Kentucky from 1882 to 1887, and in the mountains of Tennessee from 1892 to 1917. While living in Kentucky it was as much as a man's life was worth to go into the neighborhood of a still. The moonshiner would fear he was a revenue officer. These moonshiners wanted to add the revenue to the price for which they sold their moonshine. This man has not met with a change of heart, like Paul. He was not the same man after conversion as before.

While living in Tennessee a Revenue officer told me he could count from a hilltop in one county one hundred stills by their smoke. Why so many moonshiners? The tax added that much profit to their moonshine. The passage of the Eighteenth Amendment added another profit—the scarcity value. That is why moonshining continues in the mountains as elsewhere.

In the month of May of this year myself and family spent a month on the way and in Middle Tennessee, a distance of 2,000 miles by automobile. We passed through parts of Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. That was one-half the time spent by Mr. Pridemore. I did not see a still, a place where moonshine was sold, nor smell moonshine breath on more than two or three. We kept out of the larger cities, and were again delighted with the beauty and progress of the Southland.

This writer says he saw in two months poison moonshine enough to kill every man, woman, and child in the United States. Of course, he saw more than I did, having been in the business; but what an enormous amount he must have seen!

I join hands with him in extolling the general scrupulous honesty, unfaltering loyalty, and unfailing hospitality of these people, having lived among them for thirty years.

Should this man go back to the mountains to lead these people to the principles of prohibition and obedience to law, he would show that he had met with a change of heart. The moonshiner acts without regard to the ill or good he is doing to his fellow-man.

(Rev.) Warren E. Wheeler.

Barkhamsted, Connecticut.

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By the Way

BARGAIN-HUNTING woman to ticket agent: "What time does the next train leave or the city?"
Ticket agent: "At 3:45, madam."
Bargain hunter: "Make it 3:15, and I'll ake it."

Second-hand dealers report that the ardest book to buy second hand is the ible. The leading dealer of Chicago is oted as saying that from 75 to 100 calls or second-hand Bibles come in during a eek, and he can hardly keep a sufficient upply to meet the demand.

From the Columbia "Jester:"
Judge: "What did you do when you saw ie deceased? The officer says you neither owed down nor turned out."
Defendant: "I took all precautions, your onor. I blew my horn and cursed him."

Summer boarder: "But why are those ees bending over so far?"
Farmer: "You would bend over, too, iss, if you wuz as full o' green apples as ose trees are."

The "Yes-man" of the movies has be me well known. He is the attendant io follows the director around answering 'es" to every query. It is now claimed at his technique has been bettered. The ovies now boast a group of "Ah-men," iose duties are to stand behind the cam amen and to explode with a long-drawn .h-h-h-hh!" of admiration whenever a od shot is made.

From "Good Hardware:"
"Why do they have those glass cases th axes in them in the railroad passenger rs?"
"Oh, they are put there in case some one ants to open a window."

The very latest in "Shoppes" is to be und in Marblehead, Massachusetts—"Ye de Clam Shoppe."

Evelyn A. Cummins tells of two battered d shabby-looking old fellows who were ting together on a bench in a city park. ie said, "I'm a man who never took ad ce from anybody." "Shake, brother," an ered the other; "I'm a man who took erybody's advice."

"Every one of us is more like every one se than he thinks he is," pointed out the e lamented "McNaught's Monthly."

From the Detroit "News:"
"Listen," remarked the exasperated dri r over his shoulder. "Lindbergh got to iris without any advice from the back at."

Mother (to small son in bathtub): "Now sure and dry yourself well. And don't get your neck and ears."
Small son: "Never got 'em wet at all, ma. n't that lucky?"

From the M. I. T. "Voo Doo:"
"Lay down, pup; lay down;" ordered the un. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."
"You'll have to say, 'Lie down,' mister," clared a small bystander. "That's a Bos n terrier."

Country kid: "Beat it, the bull's comin'!"
City kid: "Aw, stan' yer ground. We n't done nothin'!"

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York ly handles an average of 35 tons of coins day—gold, silver, copper, and nickel. arters come first, nickels second, and nes third. A sack containing 4,000 quar s weighs 53 pounds. It takes $3,000 in nnies to make a ton.

Lucio in the Manchester "Guardian" suggests a terrible weapon:

[Embodying brand-new possibilities in the art of abuse, as suggested by a report of police court proceedings in which the defendant was said to have used threatening language to a neighbor, including the declaration that he was "a red-headed, oscillating ——."]

I thought I had showed him my hate if
Mere words could achieve that effect—
I had labeled him coward and caitiff
In terms of extreme disrespect;
From booby to bottle-nosed buffer
I used every phrase that would fit—
But it seemed that the wretch didn't suffer
The least little bit.

My temper was up and in tireless
Invective I rose to the strain—
In words I had learnt from the wireless
I started all over again.
Grown even more brutal and brisker
The torrent gained volume and pace:
"You grid-leak! You common cat's whisker!"
I hissed in his face:

"You asinine amplification!
You static transformer and scamp!
You heterodyne oscillation!
You arrant and ignorant amp!
I'll shout out your sins till you've shunned 'em.
You megohm!" (He wavered and blushed.)
"You cathode! You mere carborundum!"
He slunk away crushed.

The Florence "Herald" says "if deforestation continues, flood sufferers of the future will not have a single log to float on." That must mean that the trees are already on the trail of the lonesome pine.

"I wonder why the artist called this picture 'Home'?"
"Because there's no place like it, I should say."

The income of the average family is said to exceed in buying power the income of the average family in 1914. But, remarks the Boston "Transcript," the average family of to-day wants a lot of things the average family of 1914 never heard of.

From an exchange:
"What kind of a fellow is Smith?"
"Well, if you ever see one fellow trying to borrow money from another, the fellow shaking his head is Smith."

From "Punch:"
Mistress (to departing maid who has asked for a reference): "Of course, Mary, I shall have to tell Mrs. Brown of your uncontrollable temper."
Mary: "Thank you very much, mum. It'll p'raps make 'er mind 'er P's and Q's."

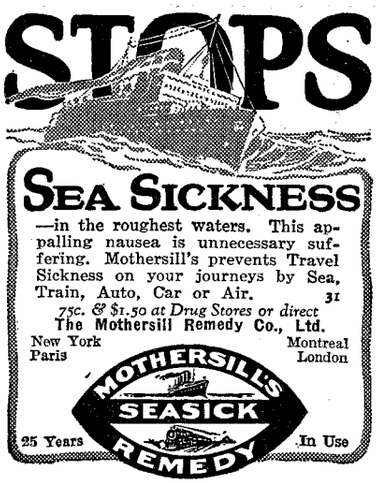
Five words of four letters each are required to complete the following anagram:

Oh, landlord, fill the flowing ——
Until the —— flow over;
To-night we —— upon this ——,
To-morrow —— for Dover.

Answer next week.

The "square word" from last week's puzzle:

TAIL
ACRE
IRIS
LESS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